

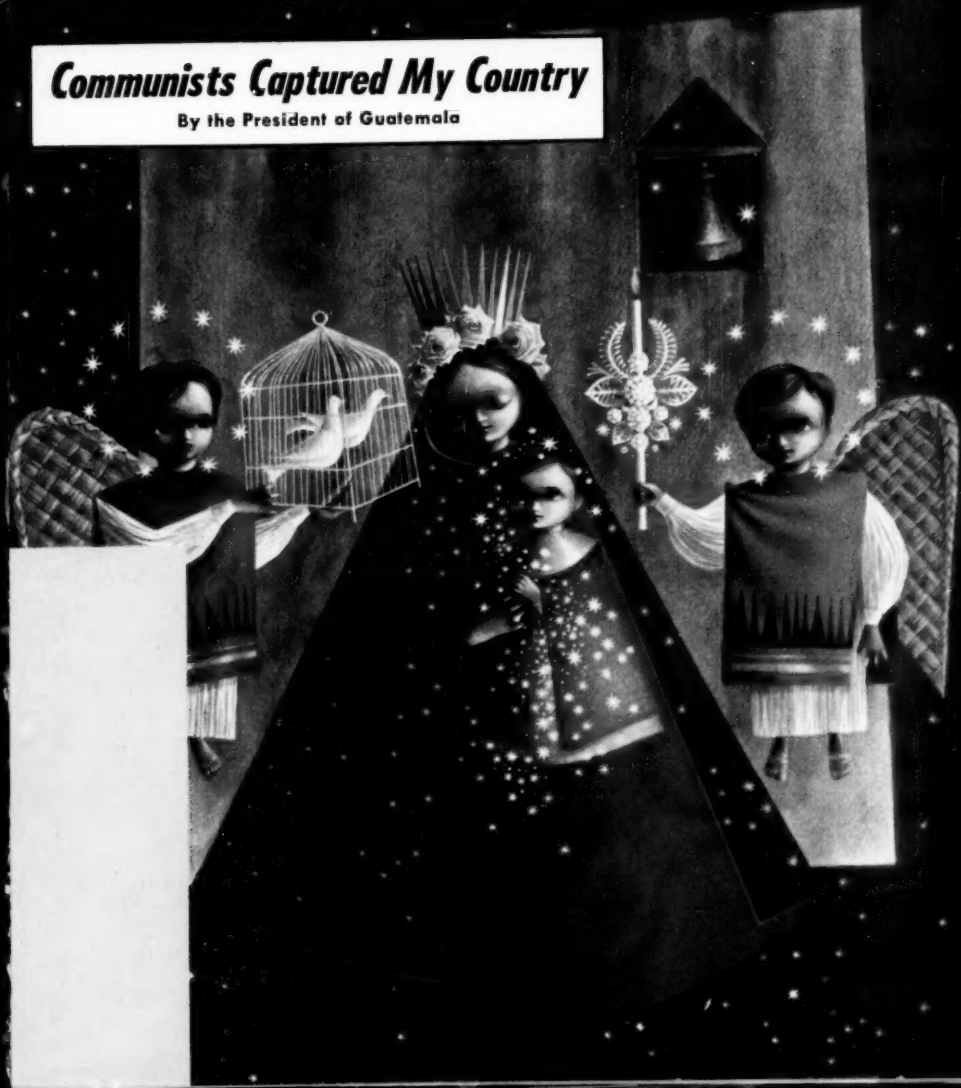
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Communists Captured My Country

By the President of Guatemala



CATHOLIC DIGEST

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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

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Don't let them tell you that danger exists only in your mind

Communists Captured My Country

By CARLOS CASTILLO ARMAS

President of Guatemala

COMMUNISM is patient. Communism is clever. Communism is cruel. These things I say with emphasis because, for eight years, I watched the Reds take over my country, step by step, stage by stage, until they had complete control over this Catholic nation. The communists ruled my country and the people were compelled to obey. Our laws began to be copied from the laws of Peiping and Moscow; legislators were appointed solely to take orders. I saw terror and torture replace teaching and tender compassion.

Everyone all over the world worries and talks about communism, but they do not recognize its face. We in Guatemala have known this face, and, modestly and with humble thanks to almighty God, we can now tell the world that we are the first nation that has been run by the Reds and has lived long enough to throw them out.

Communism first appears with

a friendly and smiling face. It is a face of sympathy and pity. It understands your problems and it promises to solve them for you. This is a face everybody seems to like at once. The words that come

from its mouth are soothing words: superpatriotism, pro-labor; free education for all; richer harvests; more money for everybody.

I have seen communism meek and suppliant, when it was begging for friends; I have seen it arrogant and merciless, when it was in power; and I have

seen it cowardly and running away in utter defeat.

When the communists ran from Guatemala, they took everything but their own records. They looted the treasury, but they left their secret files behind them. This was their legacy. It was from their files that I got positive proof that Guatemala had been officially a communist state.

It was in 1946, when I was a



lieutenant-colonel in the army, that I first saw Catholic Guatemala begin its swing to the left. The swing was gradual and remorseless. The pendulum moved slowly and ponderously, and it crushed those who stood in its way. At that time, I told myself that if ever this pendulum was to be stopped, it would require many sacrifices.

Time proved that I was tragically right.

I began to fight communism then. It isn't easy to fight, because it does not come out and declare itself. When you call it communist, it declares loudly that it is not. It spreads palatable lies and demagoguery and it wears a mask. In fighting it, you often feel that you are alone, because your friends do not recognize the face, and they tell you, bitterly, that you are wrong.

Still, some friends remained at my side all of the time. At no time did I think of power for myself or for them as a goal. The one thing we had in common was that we had recognized an infinite danger and we wanted to rescue our country from it. There is no heroism in this. This much any man owes his God and his country. To offer less is treason.

In 1946, Guatemala was living in an historic moment. Juan José Arevalo was president, profiting from a revolution in which he had taken no part. He leaned toward communism. The communists knew this, and, in a short time, we of the

army began to notice agitators and Soviet agents in our country. The president protected them, and the communists raced through the country.

Arevalo imported European communists and Latin-American communists. He appointed many of them to public office where, in positions of power, they could do the greatest harm in the shortest space of time. He imported the Chilean Virginio Bravo Letelier and the Nicaraguan Edelberto Torres solely to handle propaganda in our schools. He used the state tax monies to pay their salaries. Thus, the money of the good parents in Guatemala paid for the poisoning of the minds of their children.

When Señor Arevalo found that no one challenged him, he decided that he no longer needed to work in secret. After that, communism removed the friendly mask. As early as 1946, we had an institution called "Clarity—School of Marxist Habilitation" and a kind of Central-American Cominform where top-level decisions could be made. We also had the Guatemalan Youth Alliance and the Guatemalan Feminine Alliance, both guaranteed to turn our young people away from their Church, their parents, and their country, and to force them to bend their knees to Moscow. Those were not fictional organizations. They were so real that we are still hacking at the roots which grew in our schools.

I saw men of no intellectual attainment, no morality, no public standing whatever, elevated overnight to exalted posts. I mean such men as José Manuel Fortuny, Carlos Manuel Pellecer, Victor Manuel Gutierrez, Alfredo Guerra Borges, whose only qualification was that they were communists. When enough native-born Guatemalans could not be found to take the big jobs, foreigners like the Cuenca brothers, Medardo Mejia, Ramón Amaya Amador, Venturas Ramos, Juan Valiente, and others were imported for them.

As an army officer, I wanted nothing to do with politics. Practically all of us were career officers, and we knew that advancement might be slow and tedious, but that a good superior should be above politics.

A sudden change in party can break an officer. So, it required a long examination of conscience before I decided that it would be better, as others have said, to live a short time on my feet rather than a long time on my knees. I decided to get into the fight.

If you ever make this decision, do not despair, even though the first thing you will learn is that very few of your friends will stand by you. Most of them will hear you out, and then mock you. "What communism?" they will say. "Where? It exists only in your mind."

On July 18, 1949, a patriotic and

punctilious officer, Col. Francisco Xavier Arena, who had also observed the sudden rise of communism, was murdered at the nod of the Reds. For us, this was an irreparable loss. At one blow, communism had destroyed one of the principal obstacles in its way. From that day on, the color of my country turned a deep, bloody red. A little more than a year later, Jacobo Arbenz Guzman, comrade of Arevalo, was put on the ballot as candidate for president. Some of us knew that this man had already pledged himself to the communists—but only some of us.

When Arbenz assumed power, he dragged all of communism into office with him. He did not accept some of the doctrines of communism to the exclusion of others; if it was in the Moscow bible, he embraced it. On Nov. 5, 1950, the "some of us" made a desperate attempt to take the military base of La Aurora, in the middle of Guatemala City. It was the first show of force against communism, and I knew that by now the people were alarmed and would support us. The final results were bad. The communists had less mercy than we, and they murdered in cold fury. The *putsch* was put down. I went to prison. Others became little white crosses on the hill-sides.

The story of what happened to me in prison has been told and retold. Eventually, I dug my way out

from under the walls and hid here and there, even in foreign lands, until I was strong enough to come back.

From March 15, 1951, onward, communism became the law of Guatemala. José Manuel Fortuny was appointed as the principal advisor to President Arbenz. Fortuny made sure that the home-grown communists became the lords and masters of the rest of the Guatemalans. Propaganda leaflets actually printed in Moscow were distributed to the people from the palace. It didn't matter to Arbenz how offensive they were.

It seems incredible, even now in retrospect, to note that the president no longer seemed to have a will of his own; he was a Kremlin cipher. He permitted the godless ones to take over our schools, our radio stations, our press, even the loud-speakers in the public parks. This does not mean, for example, that he found it necessary to fire all schoolteachers. Oh, no. All he had to do was to appoint a few communists to administer Guatemalan education; these men issued orders. As long as teachers and principals obeyed, there was no problem. If they did not obey, there were others who knew how to take communist orders.

For a long while, Arbenz was running an ideal communist state with only 2,500 communist card holders. If the 2,500 are in key spots, you need no more. I saw

this from exile, and I sickened as I read what was being said about my country in the press of the world. In exile we sorrowed, not only because of what we read, but because we knew that, back home, our brothers were being martyred.

By 1953, I decided that time would no longer wait for me. Whether I was ready or not, the time was now. If I waited any longer, the plague of communism would have infected my people so deeply that no amount of medicine could possibly cure it. In the middle of that year, the anti-communist opposition had crystallized, and had, in secret, done me the honor of appointing me as chief of the movement for national liberation.

Our means were not great. Few generals have ever gone into battle with more prayer and less ammunition. My biggest weapon was the God-fearing will of the people of my country. If that will was still intact, we could blast Arbenz and his communists out of Guatemala. If that will was damaged, or dead, so was our cause. In December, 1953, the Tegucigalpa plan was drafted. This document put into

Reprints of "Communists Captured My Country" and "Two Who Died in Guatemala," page 109, bound together, are available. Prices: 10 for 30¢; 50 for \$1.25; 250 for \$5. Write to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, 41 E. 8th St., St. Paul 2, Minn.

For the story of what communist tyranny meant to two ordinary citizens, see page 109.

imperishable words the things for which we were about to fight; the things we were ready to die for.

On June 18, 1954, the battle was joined in eastern Guatemala. Our banner read, "God, Country, and Freedom." I knew that blood was about to be shed, and I did not like to bear the responsibility for this, but I kept reminding myself that way back in 1946 I had predicted it would require heavy sacrifices to rid the country of this monster and that blood would have to be one of them.

To my way of thinking, the most ironic note in the revolution was the sudden collapse of the Arbenz government. The work of liberating the country was proceeding slowly. Then overnight, Arbenz the haughty, Arbenz the imperious, quit and ran. At the end, he exchanged power for money. He

grabbed everything he could carry and he fled.

The fresh soft corpses on the river banks, on the hills, and along the chalky mountain roads were tragic. The cream of our young manhood was dead. The country was looted. It was as though the communists had said, "If we can't run the country, then we will leave no country." Disaster and heartache were everywhere.

The communists had forgotten that people are composed of souls and minds and bodies. The bodies were hurt; some of the minds were damaged; the souls were intact. We are building from there. It is going to take time, but we will be strong and we will be free, and we will be responsible brethren to the rest of the free world.

One final word. To those of you who worry about communism in your own countries, I say this: no sacrifice is too great for you to make right now. If you hesitate now, you may have to make the supreme sacrifice later.



Last Installment

HARDWARE WHOLESALERS were having trouble with a dealer who was backward in paying his accounts. They sent him letter after letter, all of them polite, but each more threatening than the last. Finally they sent a bill collector.

"We must have a settlement," said the agent. "Why haven't you paid up?"

"I've collected nearly all the money," said the merchant. "Your letters were so good I copied them and sent them to my customers. I was only holding back because I felt sure there must be a final letter and I wanted to get the series complete."

Clay Pipe News (Oct. '54).

We Wouldn't Marry Each Other Again

We're happy, but we could both have been happier if I had married a Catholic and she had married a Protestant

By MAXWELL HAMILTON

Condensed from *Parade**

A YOUNG CATHOLIC friend called on my wife and me recently to introduce us to his fiancée. She struck us as a lovely, completely captivating girl. Since she is a Protestant, he logically assumed we'd be the ideal couple to talk to before they made their wedding plans, for ours is a mixed marriage.

"Everybody else is opposed to our marriage," Jack said ruefully. "That's why we came to you."

I looked at my wife and she looked at me, and we smiled wryly. Then I gave this young couple an unexpected jolt.

"Jack," I said, "don't do it. Sure, we've been married 18 years. And, though Dorothy's a Protestant and I'm a Catholic, I guess we have been fairly happy. But there's one thing we know: if we had it to do over, if we were in your shoes right now, we'd each marry someone else."

We didn't convince them, of course. After all, no one could convince us before our wedding, either. When you're young and hopelessly

in love, a difference in religious beliefs doesn't seem important. You're told that it has been a major factor in thousands of broken homes; but yours, of course, will be different. It never is.

Even though my wife and I couldn't imagine being separated from each other now, we alone know the long struggle our marriage has been, and probably will be until we die. And we also know how much easier it all would have been if we both were of the same faith.

At this point, I can almost hear at least one reader saying that I don't know what I'm talking about. What about such-and-such a couple, who have different religious beliefs, and get along fine? I'm sure they do, but in almost every such case it usually results from a compromise, one member of the union relaxing his religious standards.

It's not such couples that I'm talking about. The marriages I refer to are those of couples who are deeply, truly in love, but who both

*405 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Nov. 14, 1954. Copyright 1954 by Parade Publication, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

have deep-seated religious convictions which do not permit of compromise. It is such unions which run into trouble somewhere along the line.

Marriage, *any* marriage, is a gamble. One in every four lands in divorce court. When to these odds is added the further complication of a difference in religious beliefs, the chances of a breakup are increased to one in three. Yet, surveys show that mixed marriages are on the increase. Perhaps five Catholics out of ten now marry Protestants, with or without Church approval. And this despite the fact that nearly all clergymen, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, are united in urging young people to marry their own.

But if it's as bad as that, you ask, how come *we're* still married, outwardly happy, and celebrating our 18th anniversary?

Well, I married an exceptional woman, the one-in-a-million we all think we're marrying when we take out the license. In any mixed marriage of a Catholic and a Protestant, the heavy burden (as most Catholic priests point out) is on the Protestant. How he or she reacts can make or break the marriage.

That not all of them react as my wife did can be seen from a study of some 4,108 marriages which ended in separation or divorce in 1949. Only 5% of them involved couples in which both parties belonged to the same church. For mixed

marriages, the figure jumped to 15%. And in cases such as mine, involving a Catholic husband and a Protestant wife, the figure was 21%. Significantly, the remaining 59% claimed no church affiliation.

In our case, our troubles started the day we became engaged. As a Catholic, I had to obtain a dispensation to marry, since the Catholic Church expressly forbids mixed marriage and makes an exception only for grave reason. This very dispensation started the friction. My wife naturally bristled at the suggestion that her beliefs and practices are not as strong and as valid as a Catholic's.

Next, Dorothy had to take a course of instruction for her role as wife of a Catholic. She had to promise not to use birth control, to bring up the children as Catholics, and to take part in no wedding ceremony but the Catholic one. "I felt," she told me, "like a paroled criminal, who was being accepted reluctantly, and on good behavior."

I think one reason for this feeling on Dorothy's part was that, during this course of instruction, she constantly was referred to as a "non-Catholic." "Can't we be a bit more positive about it?" she laughed one night as we drove home. "I don't call you a non-Lutheran, and I don't think you'd like it if I did. You're a Catholic; I'm a Protestant."

As for the wedding itself, my wife's parents felt that, since *they*

had made concessions, my Church should make some, too, and they were bitter because we couldn't have a second marriage ceremony in the Lutheran church where my wife had been baptized. So another wound was opened.

Because it was a mixed marriage, we had to be married in the rectory, in a drab, cheerless room into which we were allowed to squeeze a maximum of ten guests. Flowers? No, the priest said. After all, this was an office, not a chapel.

"The Catholic Church is right," my wife said afterwards, "in saying that a quick ceremony before a justice of the peace is hardly the proper way to begin a marriage. But I think now that some vine-covered J.P.'s cottage would have been wonderful compared to that horrible little room we had."

It was pointless to suggest to Dorothy that my Church's attitude on these things evolved from one basic fact: concern for my spiritual welfare. For, of course, she could come back at me and point out that her church was just as concerned over *her* spiritual welfare. Neither her church nor mine was *forcing* us into marriage with each other; they both knew the stumbling blocks ahead of us.

All sorts of little things followed. One happened at the first dinner party I attended at my mother-in-law's house. Even though she remembered it was Friday and that I couldn't eat meat, she cooked one

of her favorite roasts. When I politely declined a helping of roast beef that night, I immediately became an outsider.

Then there was the week end at our summer cottage, when my family and friends and I all trooped off to Mass, and my wife was left alone; left with the stigma of not belonging, of being an outsider. "These," my wife said, "are times you begin to doubt love, to wonder if you've made a horrible mistake."

I'm sure there will be readers here who will criticize me; who will say I brought on any troubles I've encountered in my marriage because of my refusal to compromise on small things. What's so terrible about eating meat on Friday if it will avoid a scene? Do you, just because you're a Catholic, have to make scenes?

The answer is: Yes, you do. A Catholic in a Protestant gathering has to be twice as careful as one who mixes only with those of his own faith. The minute you compromise, you run the risk of giving scandal. Casual attitudes impress themselves indelibly on the other party to a mixed marriage. That is why the partners in such a marriage have to be doubly conscious of their obligations, and doubly careful to fulfill them.

Should you try to convince another of your religious beliefs? Yes, of course. All of us are expected to be missionaries of our faith. And

neither Dorothy nor I believe in avoiding argument by refusing to defend our beliefs.

But, in a mixed marriage, it can be done only by example. One of the nicest things I've ever heard Dorothy say about me was an answer she once gave to a man who'd invited us to his fishing lodge for a week end, and who suggested that I certainly could miss Mass just once in my lifetime.

"You don't know my husband," Dorothy said. "He'll get to Mass if he has to swim—or we won't go."

I knew then that, even though I hadn't converted her to my religion, I was setting the right example. By the same token, when she arranges her Sunday schedule so that she can get to the Lutheran church, I feel a respect for the Lutherans I never had in the early years of our marriage.

Once the children arrive, the lives of a mixed-marriage couple really begin to take on burdens. Dorothy and I didn't have children of our own, and we turned to the thought of adoption.

Here again we were brought up short, for we found that in our state no accredited adoption agency will place a child in the home of a mixed marriage. Eventually, we adopted our son, a dark-eyed eager-looking seven-year-old named David, from an agency in a distant state. "I feel like some undesirable who's working through the black market," my wife said about that.

As for schooling, the Protestant wife has promised that she'll see that the child is raised a Catholic. But she has little conception, before her marriage, of how all-encompassing that training will be.

"Just ask yourself," Dorothy told Jack's pretty fiancée, "how you go about teaching a child catechism, and getting him to believe with all his heart things you don't believe yourself. You'll begin to resent it; eventually, you'll begin to resent your husband."

So the children go to parochial school, where their religious training is left to the nuns. But the nuns can't temper their teaching to cover pupils whose parents aren't both Catholic. A parochial school is for people who believe what the Church teaches. So the day arrives when your son comes home and weeps agonizingly because his mother is a Protestant. His mother! The one person closest to his heart—and, in his eyes, she is an outsider!

Indeed, it all adds up, little by little, to a gulf so wide between Protestant and Catholic mates, that, as statistics prove, it is next to impossible to make a mixed marriage succeed. Which is why we told our friend Jack, and tell anyone else who asks us about it: Yes, we're happy, and we hope and pray we'll continue to be happy together for many years to come. But if we had it to do over, we wouldn't marry each other again.

The Chain Around My Neck

Four medals—and what they mean to a great comedian

By JIMMY DURANTE

Condensed from *Guideposts**



IT'S SO TOUGH on the lower East Side in New York where I am born we always think any kid who walks around with two ears is a hopeless sissy. In other neighborhoods the truant officer chases the kids; in our neighborhood we chase the truant officer. On the level, it's a real rough neighborhood.

Later on, when I start playing the piano in Coney Island joints, I'm rubbing elbows with gangsters, gunmen, bootleggers, and kidnapers. Three times they try to kidnap me for ransom.

None of that stuff dusts off on me hard enough to stick. But none of the credit for keeping the rules goes to me. For that I owe a lot to many people, but mostly to four people. To remind myself of what I owe them, and because I love them, I carry on a chain around my neck four little gifts they give me. I wear them so long they're like part of my flesh. I know they are a part of me that isn't flesh.

They're like four commandments that aren't listed with the Big Ten.

Every morning I put my fingers on the four little things on the chain around my neck and I

feel rich. You can probably buy the four things and the chain for 50¢, and still get change. But I feel rich for what they give me in my heart.

One of the things is a medal of the Madonna. My pop gave me that. He was a barber, and when I'm a kid he lets me lather up the faces of his customers. It's his hard earned dollars that learns me how to play the piano. Bartolomeo Durante, he was. The barber. The kindest, gentlest man I ever know. When he gives me the medal he teaches me the way to give and do it right. If his customers don't have money, he'd cut their hair anyway.

Up until he died he wants to give away everything he has. I don't remember when he didn't always fill his pockets with fruit and candy to hand out to the kids and friends and strangers, too, on

*Carnegie Bldg., 345 E. 46th St., New York City 17. January, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Guideposts Associates, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

his way to and from the barber shop.

When he gets too old to barber, he lives with my sister Lillian in Brooklyn, and he walks down the streets and passes out all the money he has to anyone who needs it. It gets so bad he can't carry any money with him. I have to stop sending it to him. I send it to Lillian, and make her his banker.

You know, I don't think I ever see him mad a minute in his whole life. I'd sure like to be like him.

"Watch the friends you pick," he always says to me. "Some will want to steal your heart and your thoughts. Stay away from them. Only pick the ones you can give your heart and your thoughts to."

I always try to do what he said.

The second thing on the chain around my neck is a medal of the crucifixion. My wife Jeanne gave it to me when we was married in 1921. We was married for 22 years. She died in 1943, Lord have mercy on her. I was at the bedside of all my family when they pass on. But I'm away when Jeanne goes. We was living in California, and I come to New York to do a radio show. I don't want to go. But she says, "You go." I go. God forgive me.

Her medal of the crucifixion always reminds me about forgetting and forgiving. Even how I met her reminds me of forgiving. She came from Toledo, Ohio, and she's a very pretty girl. Pretty inside as well as outside.

And she's a great singer. What a pair of pipes she has. She's slated to go into a Broadway show to sing and dance, but during rehearsal she slips, sprains her ankle, and loses out. I'm working in an uptown joint in Harlem then, the Alamo. And around the corner is another joint called the Ritz.

Some agent sends her up to the Ritz because they need a singer. But she don't know New York and gets lost, and drops into the Alamo to ask where the Ritz is. We need a singer, too, and the boss eyes her, and says, "Let's hear you sing. Go ahead, Jimmy, play the piano for her."

I resent that because I'm busy—I don't know what I'm busy about, but I feel busy. So I play a few blue notes and clinkers.

She stops, and she's real angry, and she says, "You are probably the worst piano player in the world."

"Them are the conditions that pervails," I says.

First she busts out laughing, and then she lights up the room with the shiningest smile I ever see.

So what do I do? I marry her.

And incidentally, dropping into the Alamo to find the Ritz is no accident. God just gave her a little push toward me.

Jeanne knows people and how weak-minded they get, and watching her heart work I learn what forgiveness is. She trusts some jerk with some money. A slight loan, you might say. And when it comes

due, the money isn't there. So the guy says he's sorry and tells her why he hasn't got it. And Jeanne never asks him again. That's okay.

But I'm a little peeved when another guy she entrusts money to, says, "I ain't got it. What are you going to do about it?" And I tell her, "Why don't you ask him for it?"

"I feel resentment when I ask and he refuses," Jeanne says. "I don't want to feel resentment, so I'll never ask him."

Neither do I want to feel resentment, so if anybody owes me money I never ask either.

Jeanne is always telling me, "If anyone does anything that's wrong to you they'll be a lot more unhappy about it than you will. So forget and forgive."

The third thing on my chain is a St. Christopher medal. To me it means friendship. Through the years I learn it from my friends Eddie Jackson and Lou Clayton. Lou is around us still even though he died. But a stranger I still don't know and the St. Christopher medal keep reminding me of what friendship means.

I get the medal about six years ago. I'm ready to start a 17-day grind of one-night stands across the country on a bond drive when Lou Clayton takes me to the doctor for a checkup.

The X ray shows a polyp in my lower stomach. So I'm elected for surgery. No tour. No radio. Noth-

ing. But Al Jolson, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, and Frank Morgan take turns doing the radio show for me. That's what success really is. Your friends go to bat for you.

If I don't have that operation, that polyp could have gone malignant and I am in real trouble.

When they give me that shot in the arm right before I go into surgery, and I'm just about getting subconscious, I feel somebody touching my neck.

When I wake up from the anti-septic I see this St. Christopher medal around my neck, and I ask the nurse, "Where does this come from?"

And she says, "Right before we took you up a nice lady with gray hair, dressed very nice, comes in, and kneels down, and says a prayer, and then slips this around your neck, and then she begs the doctor, 'Please doc, take good care of him,' and then she runs out."

Anyway, I can never forget this stranger with the St. Christopher medal. I remember her once when I didn't go to a party. I helped a certain guy on the coast get started, and he got pretty big. So big he was one of the biggest in Hollywood.

Once he invites me to a party. He's a big guy. I'm not doing so good in pictures that time. Maybe he can do me a lot of good. But when I go any place I always take my friends with me. Eddie Jackson, and Jack Roth, my drummer, and

Lou Cohen, my music man, and Jack Buffano, my pianist.

So I tell this big guy, "Of course I'm bringing my friends."

"We're a little crowded," he says. "Come alone."

Naturally, I don't go. And I feel sorry for that guy. I feel sorry because he takes on the extra heavy work of keeping his nose up in the air. His nose isn't as big as mine. No nose is, thank God. But it takes a lot of time and trouble to keep the smallest nose in the air.

Before my mother dies over 25 years ago she gives me a little beat-up cross. That's the fourth thing on my chain. Mother wore it all her life, and when she gives it to me she says, "Never take it off, and God will always be with you."

It isn't true that I start each day with a song. That's second. I start each day with a prayer. That I get from mom. She teaches me the art of believing. That's probably the greatest of the four commandments on my chain.

Oh, she teaches me all the Commandments, all right, my mother. She's a saint. One time, I think I'm about five years old, I'm walking down the street with her, and we pass a vegetable pushcart. Now, every kid in the neighborhood thinks nothing of snitching something off any pushcart when they pass it. This time I just snitch a piece of corn.

Two blocks later mom turns around and sees the corn, and she

asks me, "Where did you get it?"

"Off the pushcart," I says.

She hauls me by the ear for two blocks all the way back to the pushcart and makes me explain to the peddler and give it back. I am highly mortified. Naturally. But that's her way of teaching me the Commandments.

She tells us, as kids, "Without believing, you're nothing." And she points to one of the tough guys on the block, "He ain't got God in his heart," she says. And she turns to a good guy like my father and says, "This one, he has God in his heart."

And we always follow her to church, without her asking, to find where God is. Even after she dies I still follow her.

For a while there's a time when I think I'm too busy to follow her, and during this time I am helping Father James Keller; he's head of the Christophers.

I am helping him make a movie, and he asks me, "Going to church regular?"

I got to admit I miss here and there. "I been very busy," I alibi.

"You find the time," Father Keller says. "You find time for everything else."

He's real severe about it. Would you believe it, and there I am doing a picture for him for free.

But after that when I think I'm too busy I reach up and touch the beat-up little cross on the chain around my neck, and remember to follow my mother to where God is.

You Are the Comic-Book Czar

*Your rule has to be benevolent but you
can make good reading replace the
bad in your child's habits*

Condensed from *Changing Times**

YOU PROBABLY give a lot of thought to the food that goes into your children's stomachs. But if you are like most parents, you probably don't think enough about what goes into their minds, particularly the stuff they take in from the printed page.

Of course, it's not an easy problem nowadays. Some 475 comic books are coming out every month and selling the astounding total of up to 100 million copies. That means that America's children are reading at least 900 million comic books every year.

Only a minority of these are of the crime-and-horror variety, and the publishing industry has been promising to do away with the horror books and to "regulate" the crime books. But it's still easy to buy violence and bloodshed for a dime.

However, there's a happier side to the story. More good children's books are being published now than ever before. Not all are outstanding, but in comparison with those produced in the past they are

more beautiful in printing and illustration, more enticing to the child's imagination, more readily available than ever before. Besides new titles, the classics are being republished with easier-to-read print and better art work.

Many librarians, teachers, booksellers, and publishers believe that more and more children are reading these good books. More children, they say, come to libraries, and at an earlier age than heretofore. More have libraries of treasured books at home.

If your child persists in reading the wrong kind of thing, it may be your fault. Perhaps you're not doing all you can to help him form good taste in reading.

Weeding out bad comic books is just one way to make a more wholesome climate for children. Consider the job as part of the same kind of thing as banning sale of beer to minors, closing certain movies to them, or, for that matter,



*The Kiplinger Magazine, 1729 H St., N.W., Washington, D.C. November, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Kiplinger Washington Agency, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

establishing a public-health department in the community.

But if you forbid comics and don't want an illicit traffic to build up, you had better think about what the town has to offer in the way of wholesome reading. It's up to you to find substitutes for the trash you want your kids to ignore.

Sure, you have a public library, but is the children's room filled mostly with out-of-date, dog-eared books? How about his school library? Are there enough books for fun reading, or is it filled almost exclusively with those on the required reading list?

Even if plenty of good children's books are around, they may not be getting to your kids. Perhaps mobile libraries on the order of the rural bookmobiles should go out into the neighborhoods, to the playgrounds and shopping centers, taking books to the children.

Your library can probably think up ways of competing with trash for your children's time. In Boston last summer more than 750 children were enticed into reading at least ten books by a book-borne rocket trip into the solar system. Each small reader was issued a "passport through space," which contained lists of recommended books. As they read, they progressed from planet to planet until, after reading more than ten books, they received "space-conqueror" medals. One girl rocketed through 88 books, another 63, and one boy

read 56 of the recommended books.

Maybe, too, your library should cater more to teen-agers. These youngsters sometimes get caught between the children's room and the adult section and can't find books suited to their age. Posted lists of suggested books can guide them in their first tentative steps into adult reading.

Of course, no one can really do the job of managing your child's reading except you. Only you can help develop the discernment that will keep him from trash and teach him the beauties of a good book. One trouble is that while parents know what they want their child to get from his reading, few really know what the child wants.

Parents usually hope a child will love the books they loved. They hope, too, that the child will read with pleasure the literature of all times, and scorn the trash of yesterday as well as of today. They hope that in the process the son or daughter will pick up good character traits and fine ideals.

Unfortunately, a child reads for many reasons, but seldom for any of these. In reading a book, he searches for satisfaction of curiosity, aids to self-discovery, outlets for emotions, and an insight into ways of life to which he might for the moment aspire.

Your job is to guide, not push; to offer, not browbeat. It is a job that should begin when you first start to read to your child and

should continue until a youngster has both feet on the ground in the world of adult books.

Here are a few suggestions.

1. Let your child see your own love of reading and your joy in the really good books you own.

2. In reading aloud, gradually draw the young listener deeper into good literature.

3. Establish, if you can, the custom of reading aloud as a family activity, and don't stop it when the children learn to read.

4. Give the child frequent chances to look at and handle the beautiful books in the library or bookstore.

5. Let a youngster select books for his or her own library. If you do, your occasional suggestions and even your refusals will be accepted.

6. Don't be too fussy about how your child treats a book; let him handle them enough to know and love them even if the early ones become battered in the process.

7. Always keep the door open for discussion about books your child has read.

8. Never make fun of his selection of a book or his judgment about it. Have faith that his taste will grow and develop.

No matter how hard you try, however, sooner or later you may come up with the problem of exactly what to do about comic books and other trash your child is reading. What can you do when there suddenly appears a real addiction to this kind of reading?

You can, of course, ban comic books and their cousins from the house, but doing that usually drives reading underground at a time when your child most urgently needs your guidance and your interpretation of the things he reads.

Don't waste time scolding about the junk, but try to curtail it by some sort of agreement. Some parents put out no money on comics, but will donate funds outside the allowance for better books. Some, with young children, refuse to read comics aloud. One father made a bargain whereby he and his son would share the reading of all comics, after which the quality of those around the house began to improve.

Deals may not work for long, however, so here are some long-range courses of action.

1. Substitute good books, lots of them. One mother said she had successfully banned comic books from her teen-aged son's reading. Asked how, she wistfully admitted, "By wrecking the budget for years to buy every good book he ever really wanted."

2. If your children won't read books, try magazines subscribed to in their own names. For boys and girls in the middle teens, fiction and articles in the same magazines read by the adults in the family will be interesting.

3. If you think a certain book or comic or magazine they come home with is pretty poor stuff, say so, if,

that is, you have read enough to be a fair judge and if you can do it without being patronizing. Incidentally, don't condemn the paperback books solely on account of their lurid covers. Be fair. See what is inside before you judge.

4. Be frank to say, too, when you think a certain bit of reading is intended for someone older. Don't just look shocked and summarily remove the book. You only cause hurt pride with such tactics.

5. You can use out-and-out censorship if you think you can read fast enough to keep up with the flood of literature. But be sure you

put it on a basis that seems fair to your child, and even then don't be surprised if there is some smuggling.

6. Use every diversionary tactic you can dream up, whether it has anything to do with reading or not. Appeal to all their interests to divert their minds from poring over bad reading matter.

7. In your own reading, try to lead the way. Perhaps your teenager will pick up what you are reading, and the two of you can discuss merits and demerits. At any rate, try to keep the discussion of books alive and out in the open.



It's a Good Sign

OUR YOUNG TREES were taking a hard beating from the neighborhood children. Still it seemed to me that a "Keep Off" sign would be unfriendly. Finally I tried a different approach, posting a large sign: "Only God Can Make a Tree." From then on, not a tree was touched.

M. H. Kerns in the *Rotarian* (March '53).



A FARM IN Nova Scotia was noted for its excellent blueberries, and strangers came from miles around to pick the fruit. Fifteen-year-old Mary, visiting from town, was expected to pitch in, too, but soon found it dull work.

Next day her grandparents saw her walk to the gate and attach a large basket neatly lettered: "You are welcome to our blueberries. Will you leave us some? Thank you." When she got back from swimming that afternoon, the basket was brimful.

Maclean's



AN ELDERLY man found that making birdhouses was a wonderful hobby. He became very adept, and tried to sell them, but for some reason purchases were few and far between, and the man soon became discouraged. All that changed, however, when a friend persuaded him to carve five words on each birdhouse. From then on, he had all he could do to supply the demand. The five words: "To let—for a song."

Paul Knight in *Pageant* (Oct. '54).

Devotions by the Gross

*One dealer makes an effort to take the
quote marks from Catholic "art"*

By MARGARET MONTGOMERY

Condensed from *America**

I WAS NAIVE when I first became a dealer in religious articles. A convert, I looked upon the work of selling them as a twofold crusade for good. 1. It would help lift the hearts and minds of Catholics, through the medium of fine art, to a deeper love of God. 2. It would provide an excellent method of carrying the message of the Church to non-Catholics. My work, I felt, was a true apostolate.

That was some seven years and 70,000 St. Christopher medals ago. My disillusionment was swift and cruel. I soon learned that my field might well be called a "pagan profession with Catholic labels." Not many Catholic salesmen look upon their trade as an apostolate. Among the younger members of the profession this idea is growing, but, for the most part, the established, old-line sellers approach the trade in crucifixes, say, in much the same way as trade in brooms: "Do you want the one with the green handle or the red?"

I spent many weary hours with customers who were seeking good

Catholic art which would inspire something more than pity in their non-Catholic friends. These were people who, like most ordinary Americans, were living in homes furnished in a contemporary style, and who dressed according to the good taste of the day. How would a poor print of a bad Victorian painting of Christ look above their mantelpiece? With its tumbling curls and simpering smile, such a picture could only turn the children away from love of Christ.

Who painted such things? I learned that they were chiefly the work of fourth-rate artists, Protestant and Catholic, who labored in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Large firms, many of them nonreligious, reprint them year in and year out, from the same worn plates. Where are reproductions at a popular price of some of the fine liturgical pieces being done everywhere in the world today?

It wasn't until I gave up this first job to become manager and buyer for a gift shop in a national Catholic shrine that I learned a few of the answers to my questions. Also,

*70 E. 45th St., New York City 17. Nov. 6, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

I soon learned how simple my life had been as a clerk in another man's store.

The gift shop was badly lighted, drab. But through its doors passed more than 300,000 visitors every year. About 75% were non-Catholics, either indifferent or plainly hostile to the Church. I set about redecorating the shop, to make it a showcase for all the art and literature which is today the fine flower of 20th-century Catholicism. It meant declaring war on Catholic and secular dealers alike. At the same time, I set out to win over the manufacturers to the financial as well as the spiritual benefits of selling only worth-while religious articles.

I began the long battle across the well-patrolled lines of Catholic dealers, who almost unanimously refuse to help another shopkeeper find out where an article can be bought at wholesale price. Past the dealers, one enters the no-man's land of jobbers, the middlemen who are necessary to the business, but who often carry on such deadly warfare among themselves in the fight for customers that even allies are wounded. Once I had reached the manufacturer, my life as a dealer had just begun.

Here was my typical working day, summarizing seven years of receiving salesmen from practically every manufacturer of religious items in the U.S.

In the morning hours, Mr. Kelly

comes with rosaries and medals. Immediately after the war, when our country had been starved for imports from Europe, this man's firm had boomed. Now competition is keener. But they are a Catholic firm, whose work is excellent and in very good taste. We average about \$2,500 a year in merchandise from the company.

Later, Mr. Green arrives. He specializes in pennants, paperweights, and fringed leather pillows designed for shrines and resorts. Gaudy plates with the Holy Father's picture in the center, orange-blossom perfumes, and crucifixes in a shrine of seashells, all with the inevitable "Souvenir of—" inscription, are part of his "best sellers." I know he is not lying when he tells me that these sell like hot cakes at the other shrines. Alas, I have seen them! But, remembering what such atrocities convey to the non-Catholic, we consistently refuse to carry them.

Just before lunch, my good friend Mr. Mack arrives. He is a fine man, Catholic, working for a Catholic firm. Over lunch, we make up my order and I ask him why he entered this field. To my dismay, I received the same answer from him I have received from many other salesmen, "To make money, of course." When I remind him that he could make more money selling TV or lawn mowers, he is astonished at my attitude.

This is no indictment of making

a business pay. Religious articles do pay off, in a financial as well as spiritual way. They should, to serve the Religious Orders and the charities to which the money often goes. They must, to be good business. But degradation of the symbols of our faith by irreverent merchandise is too high a price to pay even for a huge financial harvest. And it is not necessary to use such means.

After lunch, another salesman arrives. His firm specializes in "devotional novelties." The hottest item this year, he tells me, is a two-way changeable picture of Christ and his Mother in a small plastic frame. Move it in your hand, and see what happens! I turn the picture in my hand slightly, and the bearded face of our Lord becomes the beardless face of our Lady. All the time there is much blinking of eyes, and the right hand (interchangeably!) blesses the viewer with a fast and frantic motion. This, I am told, goes over big in other national shrines. "It's different and new, and, of course, a gen-u-ine and touching reminder of God's constant blessing of you!"

I order instead a few small and fairly well-done plastic statues which sell for 35¢. Into his order book the salesman writes "6 dozen Him; 6 dozen Her." Then out come the rosaries. One is too long and bulky for our trade, and he offers to take out some of the beads.

That reminds him of the new, handy "rosary-counter." No more getting lost in the middle of a decade. No more wondering what bead you were on when you were interrupted last. This counter has a small dial with all 15 Mysteries. A moving needle points, compass-like, to each bead (or numbers, in this case) as you click the handy little red plastic button. So you're interrupted? Look! The needle stays loyally on the elusive bead. Not a Mystery is allowed to slip through your fingers any more, and this square plastic device has the added attraction of total concealment. It fits into the palm of your hand, and no one need even suspect you are a Catholic, much less a Catholic engaged in saying the Rosary.

To substitute for this, when I rejected it, he offered a cheap metal ring with bumps around it, which, he assured me, is also a rosary. A single-decade rosary might be all right, but these come mounted on cards labeled "Rosary Charm Bracelet."

There follow more rosaries, composition beads pressed into the shape of rosebuds and with different scents "for novelty," and luminous ones that glow in the dark, "so comforting for the sick." Luminous statues, surrounded by gaudy paper flowers and capped with a large glass dome, have already been introduced to me through the mails. The unforgettable circular on this item read:

"Hot traffic builder, always in demand!" The Sacred Heart and a dozen saints share this unique fate with the Star of David and the Masonic symbol, designed for sick persons of other faiths.

In the field of Catholic greeting cards, one soon learns that cards for Christmas and Easter are classified by the trade as "religious," "deeply religious," and "profoundly religious." When non-Christian firms urge the dealer to put Christ back into Christmas and then show hideous examples of what they mean by that, you can't help wondering about their sincerity. But too often the price break seems so good (why shouldn't it be? They haven't invested in new designs or new plates for 35 years) that many a dealer and many a Religious Order grab at an offer which will help them raise needed funds.

Young Catholic artists and apostles in the card field are constantly being underpriced by the old-line manufacturers. Yet, as a shopkeeper, I was able to introduce the work of genuine artists to customers who had never before seen this type of Catholic card. We have converted many who formerly would buy only old-fashioned "assortments" of poinsettias and holly wreaths.

Customers constantly came to me who had already purchased boxes of cards from school children, cards so badly printed and designed that they threw them into the wastebas-

ket, and went out and spent another \$5 or \$10 on good cards. Especially in the case of large Religious Orders, raising funds by selling cheap art is a serious impediment to the growth of a truly good Catholic art in our own country.

Non-Christian card companies or big secular printing firms often get those orders, solely because their price is unbelievably cheap. Catholic firms have proved that volume alone can reduce their costs. A spirit of helpful cooperation between card firms and Religious Orders could create cards made to reflect the peculiar spirit of each of the various Orders. Unless the large Catholic societies and groups cooperate, it will be impossible to keep alive an American Catholic tradition of art, because young artists are forced to turn to secular jobs to live.

To do away with all the abuses in this field will take the concerted efforts of all concerned. But from my own experience, I know that much can be done. By encouraging the manufacturer to produce good things; by refusing to buy the "junk"; by looking upon the religious-articles field as a truly great apostolate—which it is—dealers can educate their customers.

Once again, rosaries and crucifixes can be chosen as lifetime gifts and heirlooms. And young people, fired with the desire to work for souls, can find here a ripe and waiting field.

When Lincoln Died

*You can walk today in the steps
of the men who carried the
stricken President from Ford's
theater to the rented bed of a
private soldier*

By TRISTRAM COFFIN

Condensed from the book
"Your Washington"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, a man of the people, died on the bed of a young soldier from Massachusetts, in a Washington rooming house owned by a Swedish tailor. The simple brick house, and old Ford's theater across the street, are preserved as national shrines. Through the years, millions have come like pilgrims to the theater, now the Lincoln museum, and to the house where Lincoln died.

Ford's theater now stands, one wall cloaked with ivy, between an appliance store, gaudy with advertising, and a parking lot. The 1st floor is a museum rich with mementos of Lincoln; the 2nd and 3rd are partly offices, partly a dim and ghostly loft.

The background for assassination is there in the exhibit cases: the savage political cartoons of the day which made Lincoln appear to some as a grotesque and evil creature, and the small, extravagant handwriting of his murderer.

The scene of Lincoln's death becomes real as you view a model of the theater in the museum. The stage was deep, so that the boxes to left and right stared out on it like windows. The presidential box on the upper right was draped with American flags. A blue Treasury Guards flag hung on the center pillar of the box, and an engraving of George Washington below it. The box was entered from the first balcony, through a small passage and a door. The narrow door, tall and bearing faded gray paint, is on exhibit at the museum.

Friday, April 14, 1865, as the newspapers on display show, was a day of peace and thanksgiving. Five days before, General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. The war that had cleaved a nation and washed the battlefields with blood was ending. Lincoln, for whom the

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war meant agony, was strangely exalted in these last days, as revealed in a photograph in the museum, taken four days before the assassination. His face was gaunt, and he was 30 pounds underweight. But in the deep-set eyes was the peace of one who sees the dawn, after a long night of suffering.

On the afternoon of April 14, President Lincoln had walked to the War department with Colonel Crook, his aide and guard, and had said soberly, "Do you know, I believe there are men who want to take my life? And I have no doubt they will do it. I have perfect confidence in every one of your men. But if it is to be done, it is impossible to prevent it."

That night was filled with one of the mists that roll up from the Potomac and turn Washington into an eerie city of lights. Above, clouds drifted like ghosts across the moon.

Booth, the assassin, being a well-known actor, had easy access to the theater. He bored a hole in the inner door connecting the presidential box with the passageway. Thus he could stand motionless in the dark, observing his prey until time to strike. Yet Booth never could have entered the box at 10:15 that night but for the curious selection of the presidential guard, John Parker. He had been continually in trouble for drunkenness and neglect of duty. That night, he left his post for a drink. Then it

was that Booth slipped into the passage, barred its outer door with a prop, and stood alone in the narrow space.

Lincoln, who had arrived late, sat back in a comfortable, red damask rocker with arm rests. Mrs. Lincoln was just ahead of him; Miss Clara Harris, a senator's daughter, to the right of the President; and her fiancé, Maj. Henry Rathbone, assigned as a War department guard, behind her.

Booth waited until a moment in the play when only one actor was on the stage. Then he crept into the box. In his right hand was a tiny pistol with a carved handle, a single-shot derringer. Today this instrument of tragedy, smaller than a cap pistol, seems like a toy as it rests peaceably in a museum case. In Booth's left hand was a murderous dagger with a bone handle. The dagger, on display, looks cruel, cold, and sharp.

Booth aimed the derringer and fired from behind at close range. Lincoln sagged forward wordlessly in his chair. Major Rathbone, hardly knowing what had happened, lunged for Booth. With a savage strength no rational man could muster, Booth broke from the major and slashed him again and again with his knife. The dagger cut deep into the major's left arm above the elbow. Rathbone cried out desperately, "Stop that man!"

The museum visitor of today can follow the story from the exhibits

in the cases. There, behind glass, is the spur from Booth's left foot. Near it is the Treasury Guards flag with the right lower corner torn out. There, too, are Booth's black boot, ripped down the center to free his injured leg; Booth's compass with the wax drippings from the candle he used to read it as he crossed the Potomac in the dark; his raving diary of the assassination and escape.

Booth, after freeing himself from Rathbone, jumped from the edge of the box to the stage. His right foot struck the Washington engraving, turning it over, and slowing him enough for his spur to catch in the Treasury flag. The spur ripped the corner, and Booth fell to the stage. He tore a hole in the green carpet. His left leg was fractured above the ankle.

Even so, the savage power of a lunatic enabled him to rise and cry, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" ("Ever thus to tyrants") and, "The South is revenged!"

On his way out, Booth slashed at a man who stood in his way and clubbed a boy with the butt end of his knife.

Fate had no more use for Booth, now that the deed was done, and, trapped in a Virginia barn, conscious and bleeding slowly to death, he died unmourned. His accomplices in the plot to seize control of Washington were hanged.

Back in the theater, Mrs. Lincoln's screams, more than the shot,

brought the hysteria of terror to the crowd. Some were paralyzed with fright, others stampeded to the exits to push and claw their way out. A few of the curious stood below the box. Troops were called to restore order.

A young army surgeon, Dr. Leale, was the first physician to arrive. As chance would have it, Lincoln was his idol, and Dr. Leale did all man could do to relieve the suffering. Mrs. Lincoln moaned, "Oh, doctor, is he dead? Can he recover? Do what you can for him. Oh, my dear husband, my dear husband!" Dr. Leale artificially restored regular breathing. He breathed directly into Lincoln's mouth and nostrils, and the panting movement of the lungs became regular. Leale also removed a dangerous blood clot.

The leading lady of the stage had arrived in the box, and she held the bleeding head tenderly in her lap. Dr. Leale told Mrs. Lincoln, "The wound is mortal. He cannot recover."

Dr. Leale and two other physicians who had arrived decided that Lincoln must be moved to the nearest bed. A fatal hemorrhage would be brought on by a bumpy carriage ride over cobblestones to the White House. So the unconscious Lincoln was carried out of the darkened theater. Soldiers cleared the way; at first under a crisp command, then, as some stood stunned in the path, under an angry, cursing cry

to move. Four soldiers held the legs and trunk of the President, and physicians held his shoulders and his head.

The streets were filled with those brought running by the rumor spreading throughout downtown Washington. They saw a pitiful group. Here was the national hero, now a helpless fallen creature whose blood stained the hands of those who bore him.

Across the street was a simple, four-story home. It was a rooming house with a tailor shop in the lower floor, below street level. It was owned by William Petersen, a Swedish immigrant, a frugal, hard-working tailor.

The seven men with their burden saw an open door and a figure with a light beckoning to them. They mounted the nine curving steps, staggering with the effort to keep Lincoln's head up.

The visitor today can follow their path in the Petersen house. The furnishings within are similar to those that met that melancholy procession on Black Friday.

Lincoln was borne down the dark and narrow hall, past a hat rack, and into the first bedroom. It is a small room with a looped yarn rug on the worn wooden floor. The bed, with a cornhusk mattress, was just inside the door to the right. A print of *The Horse Fair* was on the wall over the bed, and one of *The Village Blacksmith* at the far end over a marble-topped wooden dress-

er. A bowl and pitcher rested on the washstand to the right below the bed. The two windows were curtained with a white material.

This room was rented to a soldier, a young private of Co. D, 13th Massachusetts infantry. Here again, perhaps, is the intervening hand of fate. For Lincoln liked or disliked generals, according to the victories they won; but he had a compassion beyond normal kindness for the enlisted man. He pardoned many sentenced to die for falling asleep on post after a hard day's march or a battle.

The bed was too short for Lincoln. He was laid in it diagonally, completely unconscious, but breathing regularly with an occasional deep sigh.

Mrs. Lincoln was assisted to the front parlor, another modest room, with a black horsehair sofa, a few chairs, a small ornamental table, and a fireplace. She was allowed to see her husband only after clean napkins were placed over the blood-stained pillow. Then she cried out in desperate pleading, "Live, you must live!" Hearing Lincoln's loud, labored breathing, she fainted, and was carried to the sofa of the front parlor.

Just beyond, in the back parlor, the Cabinet met on call of Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton. At the center table, a corporal took evidence from witnesses.

In the bedroom, flickering gaslight left dark shadows. The face

of Lincoln was beautifully calm. His son Robert stood at the foot of the bed, unable to control his grief. Senator Charles Sumner sat sobbing, his head on the bed. Dr. Leale, who loved Lincoln, held the President's left hand, "to let him in his blindness know, if possible, he was in touch with humanity and had a friend."

Outside, a giant, uneasy crowd grew. Negroes cried openly and unashamed. All during the dreadful night clouds rolled over the moon that some later recalled was red as blood.

At 1:30, when all hope was abandoned, Secretary Stanton drafted the formal announcement of the President's death. From then on, the house was still but for muffled sobs.

Daylight came with a misty rain and a dampness that penetrated the house. A few gray shafts of daylight peered in dimly from the windows.

A doctor held a hand tenderly on the dying man's heart, waiting for the moment when it would cease to beat. One of those present at the last moments remarked about "a look of unspeakable peace" that settled on Lincoln's face.

At 7:22, the heart was still, and the doctor lifted his face in the awful signal. The Rev. Phineas D. Gurley, who had been summoned to the bedside, whispered, "Let us pray!"

After the moment of silent worship, the gruff, bearded Stanton, his face wet with tears, said softly, "Now he belongs to the ages!"

✦ Flights of Fancy

Clusters of purple clouds being
crushed to wine.

Kevin Doherty

The sun dashed down the western
sky, dropping his paint brush as
he ran.

L. Leidig

The wind telling ghost stories.

Rudyard Kipling

A puppy snarling itself inside out.

Joseph Scicluna

Mosquitoes collecting for their blood
bank.

Janet Feuerstein

A toothpaste train squeezing from a
tunnel.

Richard L. Folger

Gulls figure-skating against the sky.

Dr. L. Binder

Tree refugees from the forest march-
ing alongside the road.

Sister Mary Donald, O.S.F.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

AA's Eleventh Step

Calix can make it more practical and specific for Catholic alcoholics

By D. JOSEPH MICHAEL



GERT! LOOK at those guys out there. Kneeling. And they've got a statue on the table!" And when she looked, Gert, too, saw the group of five men kneeling around the table in the private dining room of a small cafe in downtown Minneapolis.

It was a Sunday morning in August, 1947. Strange sight for the two waitresses. Strange sight to anyone who might have walked in on this scene: five men kneeling in prayer around a table on which they had placed a statue of the blessed Mother. But there seemed nothing at all strange in it to the five who were so earnestly begging the Mother of God to assist them in their terrifying struggle against alcoholism.

In the words of the founder of the little group, the men were "very much determined to become saints because they had lived like devils and wanted no more of that life." They were the nucleus of Calix, an organization formed for the spir-

itual development of alcoholics.

It might be asked why those men had not tried Alcoholics Anonymous. They had. In fact, they were all active members of that organization. But, to quote the founder of Calix again, "When a fellow gets

into this thing—this business of laying off the liquor—one thing is certain: you just know that you can never take another drink. I knew I'd have to break away from everything that was evil—not just booze. And so, as a Catholic, I felt sure that my salvation lay in Mass and Communion. And I'd have to learn more about my Catholic religion so that I could practice it better."

It wasn't a question of abandoning AA. It was simply an attempt on the part of Catholics to carry out that 11th step of the AA program as perfectly as possible. This step reads: "We sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with almighty God, as we understood Him, pray-

ing only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out." The Catholic would seek to improve that contact with God by using the practical means afforded him by the Church.

There is no conflict with AA. In fact, assurance came from one of the co-founders of AA, after his examination of the Calix constitution and by-laws, that there was complete harmony.

A specific definition of *Calix* is that it is a membership of men, who, recognizing common problems, and earnestly striving to improve their spiritual well-being, are joined together for these purposes.

1. To interest Catholic men with an alcoholic problem in the virtue of total abstinence.

2. To promote the spiritual development of alcoholics.

3. To strive for the sanctification of the whole personality of each member.

4. To promote the group reception of Holy Communion by its members once a month.

5. To conduct a spiritual hour for all members and guests after the monthly Communion breakfast.

6. To conduct and promote attendance at an evening Holy Hour once each month.

7. To have a Mass offered once each month for the intention of the membership.

8. To provide a chalice, or other religious article, for use in the serv-

ice of the Church, as a memorial to each qualified member on the occasion of his death.

How did Calix get its start? In the late summer of 1947, a small handful of Catholic men, all alcoholics, had a special interest in one of their number, and were casting about for means to help him win his oft-lost battle. One of the number, assisting as usual at the 6:15 Mass, felt that this particular fellow alcoholic could best carry out step 11 there, before the altar, and with the help of Him who was Mercy itself.

When this man (call him Bill) left Mass, he gathered about him that morning the five or six who were interested in "their friend with the problem." For several weeks, as a group, the men made it to an even earlier Mass, and prayed for their friend. Happily, success was won. Nov. 11 of that year, then called Armistice day, marked the beginning of an armistice between John Barleycorn and a weary, but now heartened fighter. And that armistice is still in effect.

But Bill, and indeed all his group, realized that the armistice would remain in effect only as long as the victor remained firm in the practice of his faith. He would have to abstain totally, and he would have to seek and use the grace of God. Bill dropped around to see his pastor to discuss the possibility of a society, within the framework of the Church, to ex-

pand the practice of close spiritual cooperation among men striving toward total abstinence.

The pastor's support paved the way to episcopal approval of a society to be known as Calix. A constitution was drawn up and submitted to the archbishop. His Excellency added suggestions and emendations to the text before him, and at length approved the constitution and its by-laws.

In the meantime, Bill and his buddies decided to make it to Mass together each Sunday, receive Holy Communion, have breakfast together, and then spend some time discussing what they could learn of the spiritual life from books and pamphlets. It was at one of these meetings in the private dining room of a cafe that Gert and her fellow waitress peeked through the sliding serving door and spotted the five grown men on their knees before a statue of Mary, refuge of sinners.

With approval of the archbishop, Bill's pastor turned over the facilities of the parish to Calix. Place was made in the organization schedule for attendance of the members of Calix at 7 A.M. Mass on the first Sunday of each month. One of the priests on the parish staff was appointed spiritual director.

At the monthly Mass, the members receive Holy Communion as individual members of the congregation, not as a group. After the Mass, they go to the parish dining

room, where members of the parish sodality have a tasty breakfast awaiting them. The members kneel and recite aloud together the Prayer Before a Crucifix and then ask the blessing before a meal. After breakfast, the men help with the dishes, and return for a conference with the spiritual director. He explains the principles of the spiritual life by commenting on such works as Father Faber's *Growth in Holiness*, Tanqueray's *Spiritual Life*, or passages culled from St. Thomas.

The director does his best to see that the points under discussion are pertinently directed toward the problem drinker. Surprisingly, great interest is displayed in the matter presented. It then becomes the goal of the member to place what he has heard and studied into daily practice.

The period of spiritual guidance over, the group offers a prayer for the growth and success of Calix, and then settles down to a brief business meeting. The business meeting consists only of a roll call, minutes of previous meeting, treasurer's report, business of the day, and "secret bag" collection. (A paper bag is passed about the group after breakfast and each puts in something or nothing, depending on his financial status at the moment.)

The members pledge themselves to assist at a Holy Hour conducted on some evening during the month. At first, it was thought advisable

to hold the Holy Hour at a different parish throughout the city each month. This was to draw upon the wisdom and experience of various city priests who would conduct the Holy Hour. However, the difficulties of cross-city traveling soon made it apparent that a centrally located meeting place had to be found. Bill's pastor enlisted the aid of the director of Catholic youth activities in the city and obtained the use of the Catholic Youth center's chapel.

The growth of the group was steady; the need and value of its program was sensed by those who heard of it. It began to draw recruits from every walk of life: professional men, business men, laborers—all who share that age-old problem of a weakness and lack of tolerance for "the juice of the grape and the drippings of the corn." Without fanfare, it has attracted the attention of clergy and laity alike, and the original membership of five or six has grown to more than a hundred.

Branches of Calix have grown in other cities and towns as word is passed along that step 11 is given a real shot in the arm for the Catholic by the program outlined and lived by Calix. And it has proved itself to be the back door to AA for many a Catholic who otherwise found excuses to avoid the philosophy and help of AA.

The members of Calix do their best to carry into practice the cor-

poral and spiritual works of mercy. Their interest in mission work is part of their constitution. They have painted a Carmelite monastery (though it must be admitted that the Mother Superior had a moment of misgiving when she learned that a group of alcoholics was at the door, offering to paint the weathered exterior of the monastery); they have given blood as a group; they have formed retreat groups; they work hard at the usual AA program.

All this has added up to many a successful battle. More than that, it has provided a solid basis for continued spiritual growth. It has helped the men beyond the point of mere sobriety, in some cases a false thing best described as a "dry drunk."

The name Calix (Latin for *chalice*) was given to the group by its first spiritual director. It derives its significance, not from the broader meaning of *cup*, but the restricted use of the word in the celebration of the Mass. The members of Calix are pledged to group themselves about the altar of Christ, to study His sacrifice for them, to study ways in which to atone for their offenses done to Him. They draw from the Chalice of Salvation their courage, their strength, their consolation, and their determination so to live that the chalice of Christ's suffering need not have been drained in vain for them.

The chalice became the symbol

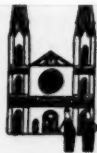
of the group when the men decided to provide for each deceased member a memorial in the form of a

liquor and indulge in shady business practices; no use to give up liquor and follow lustful inclinations; no use to give up liquor and violate every principle of charity. In far more than one sense of the word, a *sober* re-evaluation of principles by which to live must be the starting point on the long, hard road to a full Christian life.

Complete information and cooperation may be obtained by addressing Calix, in care of St. Stephen's Catholic church, Minneapolis, Minn.

Can Raise Money

son is well under way, this method of church can be started now in preparation



for next September.

The Altar and Rosary society of St. Andrew's church, Rock Falls, Ill., formed a sewing club. Since the girls at the parish school wear uniforms, the sewing club took on the project of making the uniforms. Our charge for a beautifully sewn uniform was just \$2, plus the cost of material. The mothers were pleased—the cost was so small that they saved money and time by buying their children's uniforms from the club rather than making them or having them made. At the end of the first month, the sewing club had made 54 uniforms and netted \$108 for the church.

Mrs. Leo Walter.

THE BLESSED Martin Study club of the Immaculate Conception parish in Elmhurst, Ill., had its members call on the local stores for their usually discarded short rolls of wallpaper. With the pieces, the women covered hatboxes, metal cans to be used as hatboxes, wastepaper baskets, umbrella stands, boxes for storing shoes, and several other useful items. With the covered articles for samples, we then sold the short rolls of wallpaper to parishioners to use in the same way.

Veronica Eilenborn.

[Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned—Ed.]

Street Preacher Invades the South

By Loretta Budzinski

CONSTABLE Jeff Barker was strolling down Main St. in New Richlands, N.C., on a hot July afternoon. Suddenly he stopped. A crowd had gathered at a downtown corner of his peaceful village.

He hastened his stride. As he came closer, he spied a stocky man, wearing a black suit and a clerical collar, addressing a mixed crowd of Negroes and whites. Jeff edged into the crowd and listened.

"I am a Catholic priest from the University of Notre Dame," the street preacher was saying. "I've come to tell you a few things about the Catholic religion. You've doubtless heard many odd tales about what Catholics believe and what they do. But I've come in a friendly way to tell you the truth about Catholics, what they really believe, and how they practice their faith."

Then Jeff listened as the priest told of Christ's love for all men, even for sinners, and how He par-

doned them when He was on earth, and how He continues to pardon them through his ambassadors in the tribunal of Confession. Jeff got so engrossed that he remained for the 40-minute talk and the questions that followed.

It was the first time that the people of the town had ever heard a Catholic priest; and the first time many of them had ever even seen one.

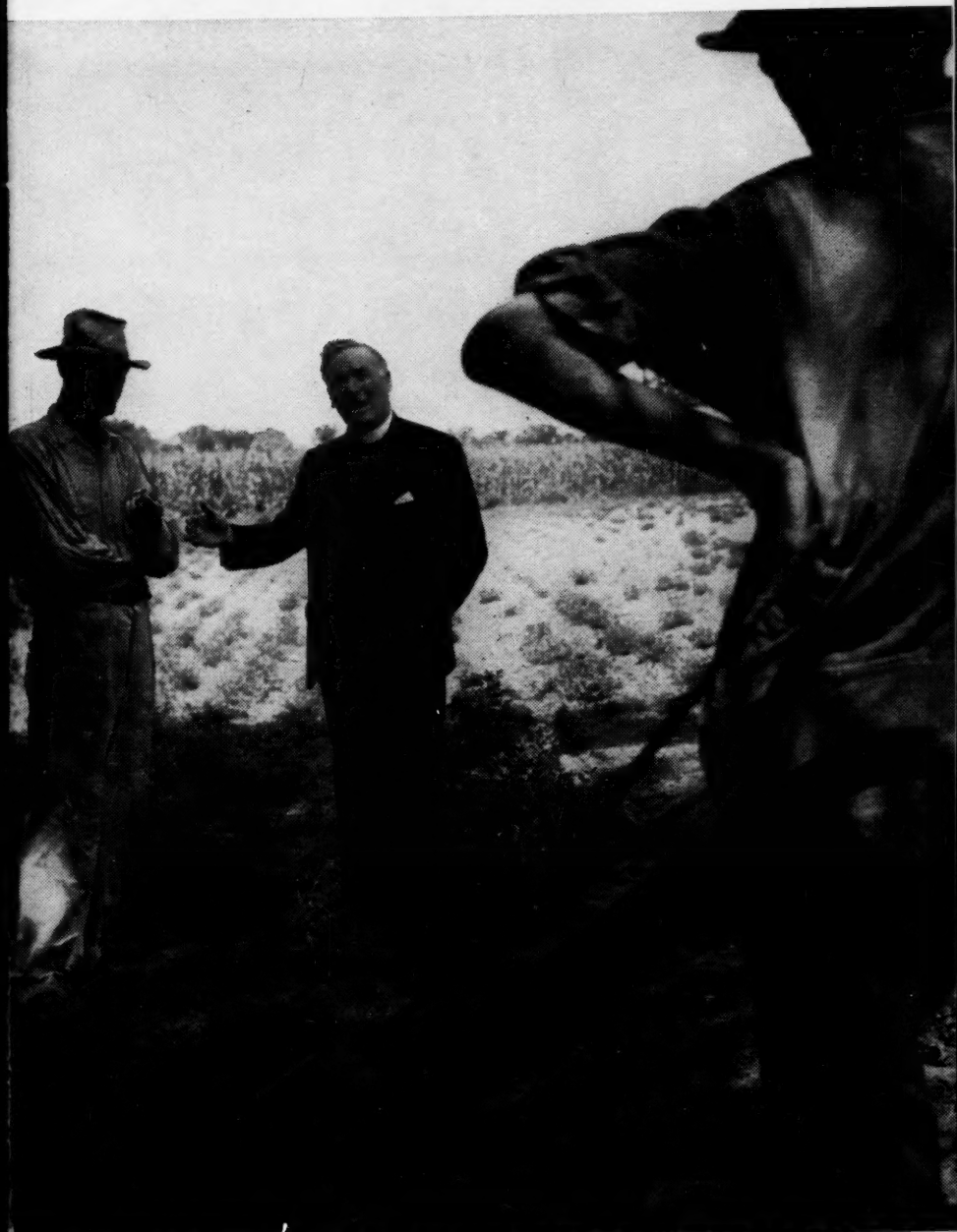
The priest was Father John A. O'Brien, who has been spending his summer vacation for many years street-preaching in No-Priest Land. In Louisiana, South Carolina, and especially in North Carolina, he has assisted missionary priests in bringing the story of the faith to backwoods natives and villagers who had never heard a priest before.

After explaining some teaching of the Catholic faith, such as Confession, Communion, or devotion to the Blessed Virgin, Father O'Brien invites questions. That's when the fun really begins. Many of the questions reflect the common charges, while others mirror the influence of anti-Catholic publications, which have circulated widely in the so-called Bible belt.

He answers in a friendly manner; then distributes pamphlets to interested listeners, and invites them to attend the inquiry forum

On a farm in Onslow county, N.C., Father O'Brien explains how the Catholic religion can bring security, peace, and joy into a man's life. It is the first time either of the farmers has spoken to a Catholic priest.

→





Whenever he is in Jacksonville, N.C., the priest goes to "Colored Town." The children look forward to his visit, and swarm affectionately around him.

In front of the Onslow county courthouse (lower left) at Jacksonville, passersby stop to listen. Some have never seen a Catholic priest before, much less heard one preach.





What is Confession? The Notre Dame educator explains the sacrament on a street corner in Richlands, N.C. ↓



While construction workers (above) eat lunch in Jacksonville, the street preacher presents some high lights of the Catholic faith.

At Camp Lejeune, marines learn that the Catholic faith helps men and women in every walk of life.





At the bus stop, Father O'Brien addresses a group of housewives as they wait for their ride home.

Photography by *Look* magazine, Cape Fear studio, Wilmington, N.C., and Max Lindholm's Midville (N.C.) studio.

If the padre sees a handful of men resting on a park bench, he pauses to talk to them. The men of Bryson City stated later that this was the first time they had ever met a priest.



which he conducts each summer at the Infant of Prague parish in Jacksonville, N. C. The pastor, Father Ambrose E. Rohrbacher, has seen the number of converts mount from a dozen a year to 50 last year, the highest number of any parish in the state.

Of the 3,070 counties in the U. S., there are more than 1,000 in which no priest lives. If those counties were put together they would comprise 757,000 sq. mi., one-fourth of the U. S. Their area would make a country as large as Mexico, and it contains as many people as Canada.

It comes as a shock to Catholics in the North to discover the vast size of No-Priest Land, the China in our own back yard.

North Carolina is one of the least Catholic states in the Union. Out of a total population of 4,100,000, there are only 30,000 Catholics, or one in 137. This is a smaller percentage than in China, Japan, and Africa.

Here, Bishop Vincent S. Waters of Raleigh, N. C., has been struggling against great odds not only to provide the ministrations of religion for his scattered flock, so many of whom are without priests or churches, but also to reach the millions outside the fold.

"What kind of a hearing do they give you?" is a question people often ask Father O'Brien.

"On the whole," he answers, "a courteous hearing. The difficulty is

in getting an audience. When no one appears for the advertised lecture, you have to try to capture an audience. This you do by walking up to a group, waiting for a bus or lounging in the shade, and introducing yourself.

"A few usually scurry away, but most linger. I walk up to each one, shake hands in a friendly fashion, and tell them I would like to explain a few things about the Catholic faith.

"They listen politely with apparent interest. Occasionally, someone will summon one or two of the local ministers. This last summer, one minister came to all my evening outdoor talks. He said that he had heard so many conflicting stories about what Catholics believe that he wanted to learn the truth.

"After a lecture he would always ask a number of questions, but not in a belligerent manner.

"It's surprising, the incredible ignorance regarding the Catholic Church that exists in No-Priest Land. Pray that God will send priests, Brothers and Sisters, and zealous Catholic laymen and women, too, to bring a knowledge of Christ and his Church to those good and sincere people. All they need is the light, and with God's grace, they will make excellent Catholics.

"Indeed, someday No-Priest Land will be the stronghold of the Church in America."

China's Reds Are Rough on Labor

*Workers are well organized—
but not for their own good*

By RICHARD DEVERALL
Condensed from the *American Federationist**



IN RED CHINA, labor is organized, all right, but not for the good of the worker. Since all industry is directly controlled by the state, there is no such thing as a labor union in our sense.

Recently, a document entitled *Labor Regulations for State-Operated Enterprises* was put out by the communist government. Its theme is simple: the duty of the worker is "to observe labor discipline." The new constitution of Red China makes violation of labor discipline a matter for the People's court.

The new regulations consist of 24 articles. All paint a picture of a thoroughly militarized police state which looks upon workers as mere tools in carrying out the plans of the state.

Article 1, for example, makes it illegal to employ a worker who does not have the government "work book" which lists his previous employment, education, and police record. This is a carbon copy of the "work book" used by the Japanese militarists when they oc-

cupied much of the China mainland.

Article 3 provides that there can be no wage bargaining. Wages are fixed according to standards laid down by the communist authorities.

Article 4 states coldly, "No worker or staff member should suspend work or be transferred without the approval of the chief or manager of the factory," and it adds ominously, "otherwise it will be considered a breach of labor discipline." And in Red China, a so-called breach of labor discipline means criminal prosecution.

Article 5 provides that no worker can be transferred or discharged arbitrarily. But he is also told by the new regulations that, if he doesn't agree with the boss, he has a right to "complain to the trade union under which he comes." As the trade unions are set up by law and are controlled absolutely by the Communist party, the worker's so-called right of complaint doesn't amount to much.

Article 7 states that the duty of

*A.F. of L. Bldg., Washington 1, D. C. November, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the American Federation of Labor, and reprinted with permission.

plant management is "to organize the workers," to assign work correctly so that there can be no interruption of production, to keep machinery in order, to "tighten labor discipline," to meet assigned quotas, and to observe all labor laws.

Managers who fail to obey these regulations are, like the workers, hauled before a People's court. One instance of this came to light when members of the British Labor party mission touring Red China some time ago visited a former British coal mine. The manager of the mine had just been shot "for violation of discipline."

Article 8 imposes severe duties on the workers. It is stated that they must be "serious and responsible," they must "observe correctly the working hours, apply the entire working period to production, do nothing unrelated to production, engage in no idle talk, take no idle walks, not quarrel, and not interfere in the work of others." The same article requires that they "keep all secrets of industrial and mining enterprise," fulfill the production targets decreed by the Peiping regime, follow factory leadership absolutely, and "turn out no rejects."

This article means that any worker who goes to the toilet, smokes, talks for a few seconds to a fellow worker, or who by accident turns out a defective article of work can be summarily hauled off to a Peo-

ple's court. His sentence may be anything from loss of wages to a stretch in a corrective labor camp.

The same regulations make it a duty to observe safety measures, protect state property, clean up the working place every day, and finish the daily assigned work on time. In no civilized country in the world are such rigorous duties imposed on workers by the state under threat of going to jail.

Article 9 notes that hours of labor are fixed by factory management. Again, there is no collective bargaining. Article 10 provides that workers should be notified when to start and stop work "generally by sirens, bells, or other signals." Article 11 provides minute instructions for checking in and out of the work place, while Article 12 provides that a worker must remain working at his bench until the man on the next shift arrives.

Article 13, under threat of penal sanction, forbids any stoppage of work for chatter or social activities, calling any meetings "concerning social work," payment of wages, or other acts during working hours, and engaging workers or staff "in any activities which interfere with the regular work." Article 14 states that, if a worker is really unfit physically for work, he should not work!

For minor breaches of labor discipline, Article 15 provides punishment in the form of verbal or written warning, giving of demerits or

transfer to work paying lower wages. Article 16 provides that more serious cases shall be "sent to the court for legal sanction." Article 17 requires discharge for "late arrival or early departure without good reason, or playing around or sitting idle during working hours."

Article 18 says that no one should be punished until he has been given a chance to explain. If management does not punish workers properly, this article explains, then the manager goes before a People's court. Article 19 provides that punishment must be "educational and social." By this they mean that guilty workers must appear before an after-hours shop meeting and criticize their own conduct. Such confession is followed by "mass criticism" by their fellow workers.

Article 21 provides that if discipline is poor and the worker causes loss of tools or equipment or product, the management of the factory can charge him for the loss, deducting it from his pay but not deducting more than 30% of his pay each month "until it is completely paid up."

Article 22 provides that workers can appeal against such punishment, "but the penalty still holds pending the decision of the upper level." Article 23 provides that managers of factories who permit

breaches of labor discipline must go before a People's court.

Article 24, the last item of the regulations, simply says that "the labor regulations should be put up in a conspicuous place" in the factory or office.

When the British Labor party mission to Red China arrived in Japan early last September, they were reluctant to discuss working conditions in Red China. Later, back home, members of the mission refused point-blank to discuss trade unionism in Red China.

The regulations show why. No honest person can defend the arbitrary labor regulations issued by Red China's government. The regulations preclude any legitimate trade-union activity in Red China. There is no freedom of movement for the worker. He cannot protest or strike against antihuman "labor discipline." He has but one duty, and that is to work hard. He is not to talk, not to smoke—but simply produce. Always over his head hangs the threat of being sent to a People's court for violation of one or another article of the new regulations.

No British, Japanese, or American worker would tolerate such conditions. But in Red China, even if the workers do not like them, they must obey.

Many persons might have attained wisdom had they not assumed that they already possessed it.

Internationalite (Oct. '54).

Your New Car: Safest Ever

A dent in your fender may mean no dent in your skull

By ALFRED TOOMBS

Condensed from *Nation's Business**

AUTOMOTIVE engineers say that today's auto is the safest ever built. Making the contraption go fast has never been a serious problem; in 1906 Fred Marriott drove an automobile 190 miles an hour. The problem has been to make the car move safely, to pack-age all that horsepower so that people will have the best chance of getting where they are going without accident.

Many people suspect that today's cars are flashy, but flimsy. They have the uneasy feeling that, by adding chrome, rounded contours, wrap-around windshields, and other styling devices, the manufacturers have sacrificed sturdiness.

Part of the proof that today's car is the safest ever built can be read in accident statistics which show an amazing decline in the fatality rate. From 1937 to 1953, the number of registered vehicles increased from 29.7 million to 56.3 million. Mileage driven increased from 270 billion miles to 540 billion. But the number of fatalities decreased from 39,643 in 1937 to 38,300 in 1953.



The death rate dropped from 14.7 per 100 million miles to 7.1.

Earle S. MacPherson, Ford Motor Co. vice president for engineering and an old-timer in the industry, recalls the day when accidents were chargeable principally to car failure. "Can you remember when front-wheel spindles would break, and you'd see your wheel roll down the road ahead of you?" he asks. "Or when flywheels would explode? Or when brakes would lock, and throw a car into a sudden skid? Now, how long has it been since you've heard of an accident caused by mechanical failure?"

The statistic is fractional, making it obvious that engineers have practically eliminated the car itself as a cause of deaths.

Every one of the more than 15,000 parts that goes into a Chrysler car is tested for strength and durability. In the labs, engineers have developed safety equipment which the average driver doesn't

*U. S. Chamber Bldg., Washington 6, D. C. November, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S., and reprinted with permission.

even know is in his car: self-tightening wheel bolts, brake fluid that won't boil even after half a dozen successive crash stops, and even a safer ash tray, located where the driver can use it without his attention being distracted from the road.

In the Chrysler stress-analysis laboratory, polarized light, X rays, and stroboscopic cameras hunt out possible weaknesses in everything from fans to axles. Special machines determine such facts as the point at which a flywheel will disintegrate: three times the number of revolutions per minute turned up when a car goes 80.

In the brake laboratory, every part of the brake system, from pedals to hoses and the tiny rubber seal for the brake cylinder, is put through the equivalent of 150,000 crash stops from 30 miles an hour. Hydraulic presses twist and pull on bodies and frames to see how much they will stand. Even the colored glass in rear lights is tested.

As cars are assembled from these pretested parts, they get more than 2,000 inspections along the line. Then some are taken out to the proving grounds, where 30,000 miles a day are run up in tests aimed at increasing safe operation.

The manufacturers keep close check on reports from dealers and drivers. A report that a child has been injured on some unpadded part of the interior or that an air filter has caught fire or that the safety latch on a hood has proved

ineffective will touch off weeks of intensive study to duplicate the failure. Then orders will go out to change assembly-line procedure to eliminate the hazard, no matter how small.

An automobile must obey only three basic commands, start, stop, and turn, but its safety is determined largely by its ability to do these things.

The first automobile used the primitive braking and turning devices of the buggy, and only after these were improved could speed be added. The development of the brake through the stage of the internal expanding type, the four-wheel brake, the hydraulic brake, and ultimately the power brake has enormously increased the automobile's ability to obey the stop command. The steering system, springs, shock absorbers, and rear suspension system have made turning safer.

"Many people feel that by increasing horsepower in today's car we have increased top speeds," says Charles A. Chayne, vice president and top engineer of General Motors. "Many of today's cars have less top speed than the same makes built 15 years ago.

"We add horsepower without adding appreciably to top speed because we believe it makes cars safer. The low-pressure tires, a safety device on today's car, absorb from five to eight horsepower each at highway speeds. The fan, water

pump, and generator take up from seven to 12 horsepower. Power steering and air conditioning steal more horsepower.

"What we are after, for safety reasons, is increased torque, or pickup. There were something like 5,500 fatal accidents last year in which one car was on the wrong side of the road. With cars that will deliver faster forward thrust, we hope to get some of these drivers around the slow-moving traffic and back into their own lanes."

In city traffic, today's driver would go half crazy driving at night in a car with old-fashioned vertical windows. The inward slanting glass eliminates confusing reflections. MacPherson brought this idea home from Europe when he was at Hupmobile. The industry quickly adopted it and improved upon it for safety reasons.

Important safety improvements are engineered into cars and remain almost unnoticed by drivers. The re-arrangement of the dashboard, to group instruments in front of the driver, provide subdued lighting, and eliminate protruding knobs, is a good example. Doors are now generally hinged to the front, so that air pressure will force them closed in case they are opened while the car is in motion. Door handles rotate backward or upward so that they will not be opened inadvertently. Even door locks are designed so that forward motion of

the car forces them to close tighter.

But as long as cars are driven by humans there will be accidents. What protection have the engineers provided for passengers?

Since the middle of the 1930's, the industry has used 20-gauge steel for auto skins. In recent years, it has been contoured, and a sharp blow is more likely to dent it than it would the old flat surfaces.

The crushability of the metal on all sides of today's car affords positive passenger protection. The massive grilles and shiny bumpers which are part of the front-end overhang have high crash-energy absorption qualities.

The cushion of crumpling metal, plus other engineering developments such as safety glass and the all-steel top, means that more people can hope to come out of crashes alive. Any lingering doubts about the durability of today's car compared with those made in the "good old days" would be quickly dissipated by a visit to the General Motors proving ground during tumble-over tests.

Watch as a 1953 Oldsmobile is towed down the track at 50 miles an hour and released in such a way that its left wheels ride up a four-foot ramp. The driverless car leaps into the air, lands on its side, and rolls over and over on the hard earth, coming to a stop 100 yards away.

Fenders are smashed, glass cracked, and the steel top has a big

ridge in it. But the doors still can be opened and closed. When the car is righted, it can be driven away.

Now watch this prewar Oldsmobile, vintage 1936, go through the same test. As it takes off from the ramp, its old-fashioned hood flaps in the breeze like a sea gull in flight. Its doors pop open. As it lands and rolls over, the car virtually disintegrates. Bits of wood, metal, and glass fly through the air. When the dust settles, nothing is left of the car above the floorboards. No one in it could possibly have survived.

Engineers are trying to make it possible for such things as power brakes, power steering, windshield washers, heat-absorbing glass, and air conditioning to become standard equipment. Such improvements, which increase visibility and reduce driver fatigue, are considered to be important safety devices, as are the new polarized headlights which probably will go into use next fall.

Tubeless tires, another safety feature, are in widespread use on 1955 cars. All Chrysler-made passenger autos, Fords, Studebakers, Chevrolets, and Pontiacs will have them.

Meanwhile, the engineers test all sorts of ideas which come in from all sorts of sources. One is the so-called pop-out windshield. Another is the crushable steering wheel. Both are designed to give way under the impact of a body thrust against them with force.

"But before we install anything like this," says Howard Gandelot, vehicle safety engineer for General Motors, "we must answer some tough questions. In an accident, is the passenger more likely to be killed if smashed against a windshield than if hurled out of the car head first? Will a break-away steering wheel actually protect the driver better than a sturdy wheel?"

"Someone has said that it's possible to package eggs and ship them long distances safely—so why can't we do the same for people? Well, people aren't eggs, and we can't package them like eggs.

"But we'll keep on trying to package them as safely as they'll allow us. But there's a ceiling on what the automotive engineer is going to be able to do. The real progress in cutting the accident rate will come when we get safer roads, and better-trained drivers."



GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, France's famous premier of the 1st World War, was riding to a conference one day.

"Diplomacy is nothing but a lot of hot air," grumbled his assistant.

"All etiquette is hot air," answered the premier, "but that's what's in our automobile tires, and see how it eases the bumps."

John Taylor in the *Boston Globe*.

Little Bird of Our Lady

*A messenger to man from
a provident God*

By WEBB GARRISON
Condensed from the *Marianist**



FEW INSECTS HAVE SO colorful a history as the common ladybird. For centuries, the tiny creature was regarded as enjoying the special protection of the blessed Virgin. Then it suddenly reversed its role, and burst into prominence as a protector (of food crops). During the last 50 years, its services have literally been worth billions of dollars.

Agricultural experts first became interested in the tiny beetle when California orange groves were attacked by a voracious insect pest. As early as 1880, Prof. J. H. Comstock found a parasitic insect infesting isolated orange trees in the Santa Clara valley. Popularly known as San José scale, it was eventually traced to importations of financier James Lick, for whom the famous observatory was later named. Lick had brought cuttings of the flowering peach from China. Apparently, they were infected with tiny sap-sucking insects then unknown in the western world.

The insects multiplied rapidly, and soon threatened the entire California citrus industry. By 1893, horticulturists were beginning to find occasional specimens along the Atlantic coast. Five years later, the havoc wrought by these aphids was so serious that the German emperor issued a decree forbidding importation of American fruits or living plants of any type. Meanwhile, specialists from the U.S. Department of Agriculture were launching a counterattack. They tried many varieties of poison. Still, orange trees died by the hundreds of thousands.

C. V. Riley, chief entomologist of the USDA, suggested that aphids could be controlled by introducing other insects which would prey on them. Many of his close associates scoffed. But Riley set out to find some creature that would eat the aphids which thrived on citrus trees. He found a clue in the fact that aphids did little harm in Aus-

*300 College Park Ave., Dayton 9, Ohio. January, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Society of Mary, Cincinnati province, and reprinted with permission.

tralia; evidently some natural enemy was keeping them in check.

Albert Koebele was sent to discover that foe of plant lice. He concluded that it was a variety of the harmless ladybird beetle. He picked insects from Australian plants by hand, and shipped 140 of them to an associate in Los Angeles. The globe-trotting ladybirds were taken to an infested orange grove, and liberated on trees covered with gauze screens.

Within a few days, they had cleared the trees of scale. Other importations followed, and California scientists reared ladybirds in wholesale quantities. Liberated in California groves, the insects virtually brought cottony-cushion scale under control within the next two years. Since then, insects of this variety have been established in more than 30 countries. Without exception, they have reduced or eliminated the damage of scale insects which infest citrus trees.

Success of the ladybird experiment was so dramatic that it marked an era in scientific agriculture. Since then, there have been hundreds of attempts to find insects which would control insect pests or noxious plants. Economic entomology, now a major operation of several nations, grew directly from the way in which ladybirds saved California's orange industry.

The bright insect has been well known for several centuries. Just how it came to be known as Our

Lady's bird, no one knows with certainty. Pious folk of the Elizabethan era endowed many common creatures with names having sacred associations. But most of such terms were local in character. In the case of the ladybird, a deeper factor was involved. Far from being a colloquial name employed in a few districts of England, it entered many languages in closely related forms.

Germans called the wee creature *Marienhuhn*, *Marienkafer*, and *Marienwurmchen*. An earlier form, *Marienkuh*, was related to the English *Lady-cow*. Swedish scholars used the name *Marias Nyckelpiga*, while farmers of that land still call the insect the Virgin Mary's golden hen.

Neither coincidence nor cultural exchange is sufficient to explain so widespread a view concerning an insect. Scientific names, usually in Latin, are common to many nations. But it is extraordinary for folk names to be so closely parallel. Why should persons in so many lands regard the beetle as enjoying divine protection — especially through Mary?

There is only one reasonable conjecture.

If you grew up in a rural district, you undoubtedly know that birds and animals almost always leave the ladybird strictly alone. Long proficient at chemical warfare, it manufactures a yellowish fluid which it discharges in time of danger. Though seldom noticed by hu-

mans, this serum is highly offensive to foes of the ladybird. Consequently, the bright insect goes about its business immune from attack.

Early observers, amazed at the beetle's charmed life, probably concluded that it enjoyed the special favor of the Lady whom they themselves honored. So it was natural to call the insect Lady-bird. English dialects included such variant titles as Lady-beetle, Lady-clock, and Lady-cow. Standardization of speech made these names obsolete, and gradually people abandoned capitalization of the initial letter. Farmers of Elizabethan England anticipated the findings of modern entomology, however. Though they did not understand the economic significance of the ladybird, some of them probably realized that it feeds upon other insects. Hops, long a major crop in the island kingdom, are vulnerable to plant lice. Hence, ladybirds abounded in hop fields, and may have been observed more carefully than existing written descriptions would indicate. Not until 1861 did scientific literature include any mention of the fact that ladybirds feed on the aphids which infest hops.

Folk literature preserves some special clues, however. To this day, children of many lands know and recite some form of the rhyme:

*Ladybird, Ladybird, fly away
home!
Your house is on fire,
Your children do roam,*

*Except little Ann, who sits in a pan
Weaving gold laces as fast as she
can.*

As every child knows, that rhyme should be recited after a ladybird has been placed upon an outstretched finger. That the custom has changed little through the centuries is indicated by an 18th-century woodcut which shows a child talking to a ladybird.

The jingle takes on significance when viewed against its historical setting. Farmers frequently gathered hop plants and burned them after harvest was over. Since ladybirds abounded, children enjoyed the game of warning the little birds to flee from danger. Little Ann was the farmer's title for a young grub of the ladybird, shedding its skin, or "weaving gold laces."

Modern observation indicates that the young beetle actually goes through several radical changes. Five days after waking from her winter hibernation, the adult insect lays a dozen or so eggs, shaped like tiny tapered needles. They are fastened to a leaf with cement from the body of the mother.

Less than a week passes before the eggs hatch. Young who emerge from them bear no resemblance to adult ladybirds. Rather, they look like tiny grubs. Almost immediately after emerging from the egg, a young ladybird begins to look for food.

It will eat almost any of the plant lice: aphids, thrips, and other soft-

bodied insects. After two weeks of gorging upon these plant parasites, the growing ladybird becomes dormant. Attaching itself to a leaf for several days, it sheds its skin repeatedly. Then it steps from its last transformation in adult form.

Resembling a round pill cut in half, the adult is seldom more than one-fourth inch long. Colors range from black with red or yellow spots to red or yellow with black spots. *Coccinellidae*, scientific name of the insect family to which it belongs, stems from the Latin word *coccinus* (scarlet).

More than 2,000 species are now known. Only two members of the family, the Mexican bean beetle and the squash beetle, are considered harmful.

Once scientists discovered that the ladybird is a natural foe of many plant parasites, great numbers were reared in special insectaries. They have centered in the Pacific Coast area of the U.S., for it is this region which has seen the world's most costly attacks by aphids and scales. In the Pacific Northwest alone, parasitic insects cost \$10 to \$20 million a year in damage to fruit and trees, during the period just after the 1st World War.

Large-scale propagation and distribution of ladybirds was a major factor in control. During 1919 alone, farmers of a single state, Washington, released about 100 million ladybirds in groves and fields.

Some varieties fly to the mountains in late fall, gather in great clusters, and hibernate until spring. Consequently, there has developed a considerable business in gathering and storing the insects for sale the following year. L. W. Higgin, of Dobbins, Calif., has adopted the business slogan: "Don't Spray! Destroy Aphids Nature's Way."

O. B. Lester, of Sonora, Calif., gathers millions of ladybirds each season, and ships most of them by air. His volume of business is exceeded only by that of George C. Quick, of Phoenix, Ariz. Having devised methods to keep the beetles in cold storage during winter, Quick both gathers his own crop and acts as a wholesale merchant, buying and selling ladybirds gathered by others along the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. He retails his insects in two-gallon lots of about 270,000 individuals. Quick estimates that he has sold about 3 billion during the 17 years he has been in the business.

Without understanding its significance in their own era or its future role in world agriculture, medieval farmers reverently named the little beetle Our Lady's Bird. It is appropriate that the creature so titled should have become both a protector of our food and the symbol of a branch of applied science. To those who view it with eyes which see, Our Lady's Bird is indeed a messenger from a provident God.

To Uncommon Valor

Rosenthal's famous Iwo Jima photograph patterns a magnificent bronze memorial to the U. S. Marines

By ALDEN S. WOOD

Condensed from the *V. F. W. Magazine**

A PHOTOGRAPHER took a picture ten years ago of five marines and a sailor raising the Stars and Stripes atop conquered Mt. Suribachi on Iwo Jima. The cameraman was an Associated Press representative, a Catholic with a Jewish name. Joe Rosenthal, like the men who captured the mountain, had braved Japanese mine fields, shrapnel, artillery, machine-guns, and mortar fire to get his picture.

Now Joe's photograph has been translated into bronze. And the five marines and one sailor whose picture Joe took in 1945 are immortalized in that same bronze, said to be the largest heroic bronze ever cast. It is also the first of its kind depicting action on such a colossal scale; it

is 78 feet to the flagstaff tip, and it weighs 100 tons!

The statue stands on the Nevius tract in the Arlington National cemetery. It honors not only the men in the original photo, but is the first permanent memorial ever erected to honor all marines who have given their lives since 1775. It is to be known officially as the U. S. Marine Corps War Memorial.

President Eisenhower formally dedicated it in an impressive ceremony on Nov. 10, 1954, the 179th anniversary of the U. S. Marine corps.

At the ceremony were the three men who survived the now historic flag-raising; Corp. Rene Gagnon, Pfc. Ira Hayes, and PhM 2/c John Bradley. Their comrades, Corp.



*Broadway at 34th St., Kansas City 11, Mo. November, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S., and reprinted with permission.

Harlan Block, Sgt. Michael Strank, and Pfc. Franklin Sousley, were killed in later phases of the Iwo Jima operation.

Navy veteran Felix W. de Weldon, world-famous sculptor and artist, created the memorial. While on duty at the Patuxent Naval Air Test center in 1945, he saw Rosenthal's dramatic wirephoto; with an artist's deep perception, he realized at once what a magnificent statuary group this stirring battle scene would make.

He worked for two days and nights to complete his first model, in wax, which was one-third life size. This was the beginning of nine years of work, during which he made 35 other preliminary models. One of those, one and a half times life size, was carved from a block of limestone 18 feet long, 14 feet high, and 8 feet wide, and now stands at the Marine base in Quantico, Va.

When De Weldon began laying the groundwork for his four times life-size master model at his Washington, D.C., studio, he encountered the first of several major problems. Since the plaster statuary would weigh 100 tons, it would require a ten-ton I-beam and wood-beam framework to support it. Sculptor de Weldon feared that his studio floor might crash. To be safe, he set in a brick-and-concrete foundation, six feet deep.

"The figures were first modeled without clothes," De Weldon explains, "to show the tension of the muscles, expressing the strain and force of their heroic action. Then the wrinkles and folds of the uniforms were modeled onto the wind-swept figures to depict the sweat and grime of battle."

For five years, the work of molding, re-shaping, and endless checking of proportions with special over-

size calipers went on. Then the plaster model was ready to be cut into sections, to be taken for casting to the Bedi-Rassi Bronze foundry in Brooklyn, N.Y.

At this point, still another problem arose. De Weldon discovered

that the only saws capable of cutting through the statue's I-beam skeletons would chip and shatter the plaster. But he came to his own rescue. He designed a saw with the exact power and delicacy to cut through both, and had it made to order.

The casting required three years. The base of the memorial, octagonal in shape, 66 by 46 feet, is made of 10-foot-high slabs of polished black Swedish granite. Gold leaf lettering around the top spells out the campaigns in which marines have engaged, from the Revolution through Korea. Within a wreath set into the granite is a quotation from the eulogy which Adm. Ches-



ter W. Nimitz paid those who fought on Iwo Jima: "Uncommon valor was a common virtue." Surmounting the base is a six-foot pile of rough black granite representing the rocks atop Mt. Suribachi.

Detail work on the statue was done with meticulous care. Faces were modeled from the survivors who came twice to Washington to sit for the sculptor, and from photos of the other three men. Even such

fine points as fingernails, uniform buttons, and helmet chin straps are authentically treated.

From the completed statue, some astonishing statistics are taken: rifles 16 feet long; helmets 11 feet in circumference; men nearly 24 feet tall; a flagpole 62 feet high.

Cost of the monument was more than half a million dollars. It has been almost completely paid for by contributions.

Hearts Are Trumps

As a little girl, I was one of a large family living in a small town. We never had much money, but we always got enough to eat.

One day, my mother told me in great distress that my brothers had been sneaking food from the table and hiding it somewhere outside the house. "Why they do it, I can't imagine," she said. "They must know that if they're hungry, all they've got to do is say so."

"Why not ask them point-blank?" I suggested.

So mother brought up the matter at the very next meal. Tom, the eldest, hung his head. "We're taking it to a friend," he replied evasively.

After insistent questioning, my brothers confessed that they were sheltering a small boy in our barn. He had been adopted from an orphanage by a couple living on a farm outside of town. They had wanted him only for the cheap labor he represented, and had starved and mistreated him. He had run away, and my brothers had taken him in.

My mother and father immediately arranged with the authorities to make the lad one of our family. Soon, I came to look upon him as a brother.

A few years later, Tom and the boy went hunting with some friends. One of the children tripped on a tree root. His gun went off, shooting Tom in the back. Frightened, the children ran away—all but my "new brother."

Wrapping his own scapular around Tom's neck, the lad laid him tenderly on a toboggan and dragged him through the woods for miles until they reached home.

My brother died—yet the story has a happy ending. You see, he lived long enough for us to fetch the priest, so Tom received the last sacraments before he died.

Mrs. Antoinette Pelletier

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Dollars and Souls

Credit unions can save their members from loan sharks, sharp dealers, and the member's own gullibility

By MILTON LOMASK

Condensed from the *Apostle**

A NEIGHBORHOOD credit union in Hartford, Conn., is not unique; rather, it is typical of what is going on in credit unions the country over. It is one of many activities at St. Benedict the Moor, a Catholic interracial center in Hartford's North End. Membership is open to anyone, Catholic or not. Most members live near by.

The neighborhood contains Italians, Irish, Puerto Ricans; and about 60% are Negroes. Incomes of those who have joined the credit union range from \$10,000 a year, in the case of a factory foreman, down—way down.

The first man to obtain a loan was then making \$25 a week, although for almost that many years he had been working for the same company. Roy, an unmarried Negro, lived with a widowed sister and her two children, and helped support them. In 1946, shortly after the credit union was formed, a clothing store to which he owed

\$25 threatened to attach his salary.

The credit-union officers granted the loan, of course. But they also threw in a service rarely obtainable at commercial lending agencies. They talked things over with Roy. It came out that he had been trading with the store for years. He had bought far more suits than he needed.

So the credit-union officers made a suggestion. Henceforth, whenever Roy found himself falling for dazzling salesmanship, he was to get in touch with the nearest officer of his credit union and have a little chat before he bought. He has been doing just that ever since. Although his income and outgo are still fantastically out of kilter, he has never had to float another personal loan.

This spirit of mutual aid, no doubt, accounts for the lightning growth of credit unions in this country, from two in 1909 to more than 11,000 now. This, plus an economic factor whimsically dramatized in a little incident recalled by Father Richard R. Dunn, a Bridgeport, Conn., pastor long prominent in credit-union affairs.

Years ago, as a young curate, Father Dunn one morning encountered a parishioner in front of a metropolitan bank. The elderly Irish lady was distressed.

"Father," she said, "I'm after asking the bank to lend me some money, but they won't hear of it because I've no collateral. Kindly

*Marianhill Mission Society, 23715 Ann Arbor Trail, Dearborn, Mich. January, 1955. Copyright 1955, and reprinted with permission.

tell me, what is collateral, and would you be having a bit of it with you?"

Fifty years ago, according to informed estimates, 85% of the American people suffered from this lady's complaint. In those days, banks had no small-loan departments. Bank credit, therefore, was beyond the reach of the many ordinary men. In a financial pinch, he could go only one place, to a loan-shark office.

If he emerged from this ordeal with anything left but his shoe-strings, he was lucky. He paid interest running from a "low" of 42% a year to 1,000% and up. In New York City, in the early 1930's, a young woman was fished out of the East river after a suicide attempt. She related her despondency to a \$50 loan obtained four years before from a finance company. After paying out more than \$1,000 trying to cover the debt, she still owed more than the original amount.

Her story made headlines. Thousands of similar tragedies did not. But they pinpointed a weak link in the chain of the American economy. Commented the late Edward A. Filene, the Boston merchant, "Ours is a mass-producing and mass-consuming society. If it is to make headway, the American people must develop some source of reasonably-priced mass credit."

Under the leadership of Filene and others, the American people

did. They developed the credit union. The idea itself originated in Germany in the middle of the last century. It reached the U.S. by way of a French-Canadian village where, in 1909, Alphonse Desjardins opened the first real credit union in North America with an initial deposit of 10¢.

After six years, Desjardins saw his idea spreading, and he made a prophecy. "This movement," he said, "will bring happiness to many because it takes into account the fact that there is a relationship between dollars and souls."

A credit union is a bank without bankers. It is organized by a group of men and women who have some interest in common. They set up a board of directors and various committees. They obtain a state or federal charter. Then, by purchasing shares in their own "bank" at \$5 apiece, and by depositing their savings in it, they build up a pool of money from which each can borrow at rates ranging from 1% a month on the unpaid balance to as low as 1/2% or less on a large amount.

There are several kinds of credit unions. The commonest in this country is the industrial credit union, embracing the employees of one company. Almost from the beginning, management has gone along. Obviously, a credit union puts a financial prop under the worker's home, and it is the individual from the secure home who

works best. Another "dividend" of credit-union membership, quite apparent to perceptive management, is that members are encouraged to save and that they learn how to manage their financial affairs. Many companies permit employees to save in their credit unions via payroll deductions. Many provide their credit unions with office space and clerical assistance.

Many credit unions are composed of people belonging to the same church. Canada has more than 1,000 parish credit unions. In the U.S., there are about 300, most of them Catholic. In 1939, Father Dunn and Father Charles McNerney organized a parish unit at St. Mary's in Windsor Locks, Conn. It started with 37 members and \$97, and made its first loan to an old lady who for years had been trying in vain to save up \$65 for a set of false teeth. Today it has 1,340 members, \$500,000 in assets, and is financing members' cars at 4% a year. The car transactions take place at the church, three or four of them before and after every Sunday Mass.

Recently, a court battle ensued when a car dealer, annoyed at the loss of business to his favorite finance company, refused to accept St. Mary's Credit union checks. The court ordered the dealer to take the checks.

The municipal credit union consists of employees of a local governmental agency. In his book

Credit for the Millions, Richard Y. Giles describes one of these groups, organized many years ago in Florida. After months of meeting and pamphleteering, 75% of the firemen joined up in 1935. One night a young woman was seized with acute appendicitis and had to be rushed to the hospital. Her husband was one of the firemen who had not joined the credit union. He had no reserves, no collateral. He could not borrow from a bank and he knew better than to go to a loan shark.

In the dark hours before dawn, he called the credit-union treasurer. He was informed that before he could borrow, he must become a member. This he did, by buying a share. He was then told that applications for loans had outstripped the new credit union's funds. There was only enough money available for one loan of the size he wanted, and there were 16 men on a waiting list.

At this point, the worried husband felt that he had been given a run-around. But this was not the case. The credit-union treasurer called up all 16 men on the waiting list. Each waived his priority, and by noon the fireman had enough money to cover his wife's surgical and hospital bills.

There is the credit union embracing the teachers employed by one school system. The one in Detroit, with assets of \$18 million, is the largest credit union in the world.

There is the credit union that serves an entire community. Some years ago little Westphalia, Iowa, captured big headlines. Westphalia is a Catholic town of 150 people, a trading center for some 300 farmers. During the depression its economy cracked up. Under guidance of the parish priest, Father Hubert Duren, and Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti of the Catholic Rural Life conference, it was revived, primarily by establishment of a credit union. At about the same time out in North Dakota, a somewhat larger community called Flasher did the same thing in the same way.

There is the neighborhood credit union like St. Benedict's in Hartford, like the much publicized organization at the Henry St. Settlement in New York City's lower East Side. There are even credit unions made up of the employees of banks.

Not long ago, a midwestern gentleman tried to get a charter for a credit union to be confined to the descendants of his great-grandfather. Says Leonard Nixon, president of the Connecticut Credit Union league, "That petition was turned down because great-grandfather's descendants seemed to be dwindling in number. That doesn't mean that some day we won't have a few family credit unions around."

But to get back to St. Benedict's in Hartford. The center itself, established a decade ago, occupies a converted three-story tenement at Main and Capen Sts. Next door is

a playground, carved out of what was once the neighborhood's unofficial dump.

Director of the center is Father John Loughlin, a classical scholar who himself was born only a hefty stone's throw from the center building. His assistant is Father Robert D. McGrath. In 1946, Father Loughlin recalls, "people began saying that the neighborhood could use a credit union. Naturally, we encouraged them."

First came an educational campaign. Father Dunn, then at nearby Windsor Locks, gave a string of lectures. When he arrived for the first one, he brought with him a stack of impressive-looking books. He tells the story on himself.

"The credit-union movement," he says, "has developed an exciting literature, some of it dealing with its philosophy and principles. My thought was that the people at St. Benedict's might be interested in reading about this."

Five minutes with an audience of 40 in the big social room on the center's 3rd floor, and Father Dunn saw that the books would have to wait. For several weeks, making generous use of a blackboard, he gave the amateur bankers of St. Benedict's a series of lessons in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and short division.

Today, most leaders of America's banking fraternity approve of credit unions. Years ago, when the movement was young, many prom-

inent bankers were dubious. One of their objections was that the mysteries of finance are beyond the grasp of ordinary men.

St. Benedict's performance indicates how wide of the mark this objection was. Here was a group of people, most of them factory workers, maintenance men, janitors, and the like, who had to learn how to run their credit union practically from scratch. Many, particularly the older members, had enjoyed little or no formal education. Yet, in the last seven years, those people have turned in an astounding record of financial competence.

On the first "bank night," as Thursday and Friday evenings are known at St. Benedict's, the new credit union collected 35 members and \$75. Today there are 474 members. Assets exceed \$50,000. And the credit union is paying 2.04% on savings.

Another objection of early critics had to do with personal honesty. This quality, it was argued, was rare. For this reason, credit unions could not hope to succeed, since most of their loans are secured only by the character of the borrower.

Again there is St. Benedict's record, one that thousands of credit unions can equal. Since 1946, St. Benedict's has made 814 loans totaling \$164,878. Losses have been only \$230.

The story of St. Benedict's first loan, Roy's \$25, has been told. Frederick Van Allen, the credit union's

competent young treasurer, can match this story with many more.

Elmer, a credit-union member, bought a used car. The selling price was \$995, and Elmer paid \$300 down, leaving a balance of \$695. With finance charges, interest and insurance added, the balance ballooned to \$1,040.45. What's more, payments came high, for Regulation W was still in effect and 18 months was the limit on terms.

Elmer made two payments, each over \$50. Then he learned something he hadn't known about his credit union. It accepted chattel mortgages up to \$1,450. Came the next "bank night," and Elmer called on Fred Van Allen.

Fred phoned the finance company. Would they accept the credit union's check for the legitimate balance, \$695, plus \$10 to cover their paper costs? The answer was No.

Elmer was discouraged. But not Fred. He sent Elmer around to see the state banking commissioner. A week later, the commissioner informed the finance company that its charges were exorbitant, and ordered it to accept the credit-union offer.

Then there was the woman who, like Elmer, was unaware of all the benefits available at the credit union. Her husband purchased a car and financed it through the union. Before he could make his first payment, he was killed in a factory accident.

Treasurer Van Allen called on the widow. He had no sooner offered condolences than, with a resigned air, she said, "I suppose you've come to take the car."

"On the contrary," said Fred. "I've come to give you your canceled note."

What the woman did not know was that at St. Benedict's every loan is covered by protection obtainable from a company sponsored by CUNA (the Credit Union National Association, Madison, Wis.).

Most credit unions carry this loan protection. Many also carry savings life insurance with another company sponsored by CUNA.

Hundreds of such stories gather dust in the files of all credit unions. In the words of Father M. M. Coady of Nova Scotia, a prime mover in Canada's cooperative venture, "The lesson to be learned from the success of credit unions is that the people can do ten times more for themselves than they think they can."



Money Matters

The Indian on the Indian Head penny is no Indian. It was modeled after Sarah Longacre, the daughter of the chief designer of the Philadelphia mint in 1853.

Conn. State Prison *Monthly Record* (Oct. '54).

"Not worth a rap" has nothing to do with a knock from the knuckles. A *rap* was a counterfeit halfpenny coin in 18th-century Ireland.

Before *Dixie* came to mean the South, it was a New Orleans \$10 bill, with one side printed in English and the other in French. *Dix* is the French word for *ten*, and *Dixie* is the land where *dixies* were circulated.

A long time ago, if you bought anything, you paid for it with cattle. The ancient Anglo-Saxon word for cattle was *feoh*. As *fee* we still use it today.

Dollar means valley. It comes from the German *Thaler*, the most popular coin of the 16th century, made in Joachimsthal (the valley of Joachim), Bohemia.

The *bit* in "two bits" used to refer to a small coin in England. It came to America through English colonists in the West Indies, who called the Spanish *real* (one-eighth of a dollar) by that name.

Joseph DiGiovanni.





Before their first air trip, the four Sisters say a prayer in the garden. Here they have murmured many a prayer for the pilots of the big bombers that fly so low over their heads.

Our Lady of the Runways

IN THE LITTLE Church of St. Mary's, in Bellevue, Nebr., 216 children pray at nine-o'clock Mass; but quite often they cannot hear themselves or the priest at the altar because a giant B-52 is shrieking over

Capt. George Mielenz, of Yankton, S.D., explains how the radar works in a T-33 jet trainer. The Sisters are standing on the port wing.

the church cross. In the garden beside the church, a statue of our Lady vibrates. St. Mary's church is just off the north runway of Strategic Air Command headquarters at Offutt Air Force base, headquarters of our world-wide bomber bases.

Of the 216 children at Mass, exactly half are the sons and daughters of the gallant officers who fly

the big planes. Seldom does a plane take off without the Sisters in St. Mary's school pausing to ask the children to breathe a prayer for the safety of the daddies and the crewmen who are rehearsing, day in and day out, for a moment they hope will never come. Many of the officers are members of St. Mary's parish.

One of them is Brig. Gen. James H. Walsh, command pilot, who is headquarters' director of intelligence. Recently, the general learned that the Sisters had set up a

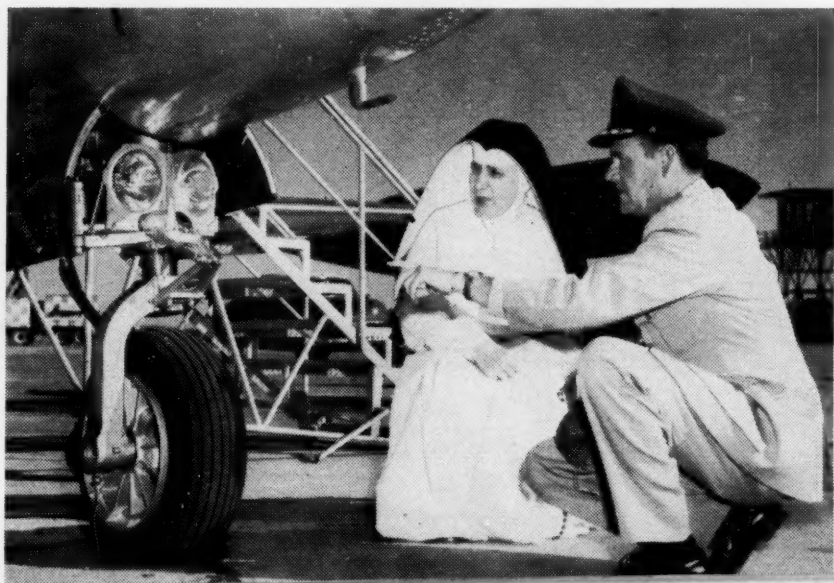


Their host, General Walsh, director of intelligence, meets them before the little Church of St. Mary's and tells them of the gratitude of General Curtis LeMay and his Strategic Air Command for their prayers, and for building the shrine to Our Lady of the Runways.



The Sisters show no fear as they walk to a command car. The Sisters, Joan Miriam, Frances Dominic, Joan Michael and Annunciata, are followed by the general.

General Walsh explains to Sister Annunciata how the nose wheel of a jet plane retracts. Besides being a general, Walsh is a command pilot, the highest flying rating possible.







Capt. George Gebhardt, of Walsh's staff, explains that the little private plane can't carry the entire group; so he will fly one plane with two Sisters, and the general will fly the other, with two more.

statue of the blessed Mother as Our Lady of the Runways in their garden. Greatly moved, he wanted to do something for the Sisters. A plane ride? No, under law, he could not invite them to fly in a military plane. However, General Walsh owns a small private plane; so he took four of the Sisters aloft to show them how St. Mary's looks to pilots taking off on long-distance missions.

Our Lady has many titles, but this is thought to be the first time she has ever been given the title "of the runways."

The general's hand touches the starter button, and the Sisters brace themselves for the thrill of their lives. A moment later, the door was closed and the little ship started down the long concrete runway.





The two planes carry the Sisters over their own church. They also saw the grounds, and the little school where they teach the children of pilots and bombardiers. After that, a tour of near-by Omaha, and then back to the convent.

U.S. Air Force photos

Father Robert Garvey, pastor of St. Mary's, listens with the children as Sister Annunciata tries to explain to her 7th-grade students what the flight was like. Who can explain something that is really "out of this world"?



How Long Will You Live?

*Your years can be stretched if
your attitudes are right*

By MARTIN GUMPERT, M.D.
Condensed from the
*New York Times Magazine**



AS A DOCTOR, I have treated many elderly patients who, according to all medical rules, should have been dead long ago. Many of them are leading efficient and productive lives. It seems that with advancing age we become increasingly the masters of our own destiny.

This probably accounts for the often amazing sturdiness of people in their 80's, those, that is, who want to stay alive. The speed of aging, which is highest in infancy, decreases steadily in old age. A person reaches the "saturation point" of aging somewhere between 70 and 80 and, from there on, he will age only very slowly and gradually.

This century has not so far been very restful. Still, for those who have survived, it has been extremely healthful. In spite of its unprecedented barbarism and tragedy, it has apparently strengthened the human fabric more than ever. We live with much neurotic anxiety and with many well-founded fears,

but, strangely enough, man seems to be thriving under this high-pressure régime. He multiplies more; he lives longer; he expands his knowledge and power.

I don't mean to minimize the effect of medical research, new drugs and the like, on longevity. We physicians should, however, admit that to have reached old age in our often hostile environment is a biological achievement in itself, indicating strong qualities of vitality. These qualities, for which I suggest the name of Survival Quotient, or SQ, are not identical with the old person's state of health, which may have been precarious for many years.

The SQ as a measure for the vital assets of a person not only discounts deficiencies but adds up positive qualities. The survival of a serious injury or disease should be counted an asset instead of a liability. A person whose inflamed appendix has been removed is a better insurance risk than a person with an intact appendix, the future

*Times Square, New York City. Aug. 15, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

behavior of which may be uncertain.

Serious illnesses, moreover, are good tests of vitality. The person who has never been ill has never proved his capacity to defend himself against disease. Sudden death comes most often to persons who "have never been in bed a single day."

How can you determine the vitality of a person? There is no infallible way, but here are a few yardsticks.

1. Is the person eager to continue his life? Many are not. It is not difficult for a physician to discover this basic attitude, which is more or less decisive for the doctor's success or failure. A diminished attachment to life may be a symptom of temporary dissatisfaction or of temporary conflicts. It may be an attitude assumed to hide anxiety or guilt feelings; but it also may be the result of an inability to enjoy life. Intelligent optimism is always a good sign. Boredom, man's deadliest disease, aggravates every ailment.

2. Does he recognize a purpose for his life? Does he indulge in illusions or is he aware of his limitations—and of his capacities? How far has he developed his potential capacities? Is he merely wasting his energies or is he using them wisely?

3. How does he act under stress? Is his reaction panic, exhaustion, acceptance of defeat? Or is it increased attention, adaptation, reori-

entation? How does he react to illness? Does he go in for self-pity? Does he protect himself by conserving his reserves, by accepting loss and handicap, by avoiding strain and exposure? Does he accept unavoidable processes like aging and dying, or does he rebel, and flee from them?

4. How does the person behave toward his environment? Does he like himself, does he like people? Is he loved, is he willing to love? Is he eager for communication, or is he isolated, secretive and suspicious? Is he tolerant or prejudiced? Does he have a sense of humor, or is he hostile and bitter? Is he stingy and property-conscious, or generous and willing to pay full price? Does he feel caged and dependent, or free and independent? Does he recognize common duties and responsibilities?

5. How does he face his future? Does he believe that he has a future? Does he do anything to prepare for it? Is he afraid of it, or does he look forward to it? Does he show evidence of intellectual curiosity? Has he done something new in recent years? Is he interested in abstract problems, in the future of the world, in artistic or other creative achievements, in nature, in children? Has he skills, hobbies, activities? Does he enjoy creature comforts, like eating, sleeping, playing, digesting, walking?

The Yes or No to these questions may explain why antibiotics

sometimes fail or why fractures often don't mend.

Physical strength may be sapped by the process of aging, reserve energies may be depleted, the deterioration of cell systems may give rise to chronic disorders, mental alertness may be affected. But beyond all this there must be more before an old person is rendered biologically expendable. Emotions, manners, insight can withstand the most violent assaults of age. They can produce wisdom and awareness which only the experience of a

very long life can create. Few of us may reach this happy state. But it remains a goal and a hope for all of us as we grow older.

The active and specific treatment of ailments should never be neglected, of course, but we may often prolong life simply by establishing or restoring its usefulness. Death does not always depend on the blind judgment of fate; it is also an event of wisdom and purpose. The investigation of survival factors, the SQ, opens a promising new field for research.



• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish a prim little lady was telling a friend about her awful consternation upon finding two empty whiskey bottles in her garbage can.

"You can imagine my embarrassment," she said. "I got them out fast, because I didn't want the garbage man to think that I drink."

"What did you do with them?" asked the friend.

"Well, the parish convent is next door, and everybody knows that the nuns don't drink, so I put them in *their* can. The next day I was walking down the alley and I heard old Father Murray bawling out that new priest. He was pointing at the rectory garbage can, and he kept saying, 'How did those get in there?'"

Henry Nodset.



In our parish. the excitement of congratulating the newly-consecrated bishop was in full swing. Clergymen from far and wide, had come to congratulate him and wish him well. They crowded around him after the ceremony, and there was much hand-shaking, rejoicing and jostling.

Suddenly the bishop turned to a priest behind him. He had been a seminary classmate of the bishop and had come a long way for the consecration.

"Father, do you have a return ticket to your city?" the bishop asked him.

"Yes, Your Excellency," was the reply.

Graciously smiling, His Excellency gave his first command, "Then please, Father, step off my train."

Mrs. B. Filben.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Girl in the Light of Darkness

The "no pampering" attitude of her parents has made a happy, well-adjusted person of a child born blind

By THEA SLENTZ

As told to Joseph Stocker

CONNIE was born Oct. 20, 1947. She arrived about 60 days ahead of schedule.

When she was five months old, we put her in a hospital. She had only a cold, but a cold can be a serious thing with a "seven-month" baby.

Connie licked the cold in quick order. Something else had been bothering us, however, something which had begun as a fleeting uneasiness and lately had grown almost into a towering, terrifying certainty.

On the day we called for Connie, Dick and I cornered the doctor. "Doctor, is Connie blind?"

The doctor drew in a deep lungful of air. "I hate to be the one to break the news to you," he said. "Yes, she's blind."

He added hurriedly that he was not an eye doctor. We ought not to accept his word as final.

The next day I took Connie to a specialist in Lansing, about ten miles from Williamston, Mich., where we lived. He said it was true. Then, drawing a chart to help me understand, he explained what it was that had sent our baby into the world without sight. It was ret-

rolental fibroplasia, commonly referred to as RLF. The disease causes an opaque growth of fibrous tissue behind the lens of the eye. It prevents light rays from reaching the retina, the screen on which the lens normally focuses images of things seen.

This makes our Connie something of a medical trail blazer. RLF is a disease discovered only about five years before she was born; it still has doctors mystified. The specialist who examined Connie had never encountered a case of it himself until then. He had only read about it. RLF, he said, occurred almost entirely among premature babies. Ironically, as more such babies survived with advances in medical science, more and more RLF was showing up.

Was there a chance that Connie someday might see? The specialist warned us not to build any false hopes. That was good advice.

Faith helped me over those first tortured days. I was asking myself, "What have I done to bring this on? Why did God do it to me?" Then I read again the Bible story of how Jesus saw a man who was

born blind. His disciples asked who had sinned, the man or his parents? Jesus' reply was, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

That was my answer.

Dick and I first of all decided to lay down the law to our family and friends. Connie was to be brought up in as nearly normal a fashion as possible. There was to be no excess sympathy and indulgence. If anyone got weepy with Connie, we wouldn't allow him around her any more.

The next thing was to find out exactly how you go about bringing up a blind child. Luckily, the Michigan State School for the Blind was in Lansing. It gave a special two-weeks' course for new parents of blind children. I signed up. Dick couldn't take time from his work, so I kept a notebook, and every night I recited my lessons to him.

The lessons consisted of nothing more than common sense. We should resist the temptation to do things for Connie. If she dropped a toy, she must pick it up herself. If she was about to bump herself, we must not yell at her: it would only frighten her. If she was in one room and we were in another, we should talk to her every few minutes to give her the secure feeling of having someone near.

No matter how upset we might become, we must never betray it in her presence. She'd detect our

uneasiness, and take advantage of it. We made the mistake just once. We folded up and cried when Connie attempted her first groping steps. It set her progress back three months. "Ah-ha, a couple of softies," Connie must have reasoned. "I don't have to walk. They'll do it for me."

The school also warned us about "blindisms." These are the odd mannerisms acquired by blind children which can become fixed and unchangeable habits unless they're checked quickly: tendencies to rock back and forth; to jump up and down as they talk; and to grind their knuckles into their eyes. The latter is especially prevalent among children blinded by RLF. Their eyes are highly sensitive to external irritation. The sensation they get is the same as if you were to lift your eyelid and let the air pour in over your eyeball. Nobody knows exactly what causes the other "blindisms," but it probably has something to do with nervous tension.

That school for parents was the turning point for us. It gave us something to work at. Dick and I set a succession of goals for Connie (and ourselves). As each goal has been reached, we've shared with each other (and her) the thrill of accomplishment.

This wasn't quite as easy as it sounds. The trouble wasn't caused by any lack of cooperation on Connie's part but by well-meaning though ignorant people and our

own unnecessary misgivings. How would Connie ever learn to do the things that normal children do? They learned by imitating others. But Connie couldn't see to imitate.

We had to pick our way through a bramble patch of old wives' tales. Someone said somebody else had told him that blind children could learn to talk only by holding their fingers to someone's lips and feeling him shape the words. Long before Connie reached the age at which she should be learning to talk, we worried ourselves into a stew over it.

Connie settled the problem in her own way at the age of one. We were sharing a home at the time with a family by the name of Williams, John and Eethel and their children, Louise and Bud. One evening we sat chatting with the Williamses. Connie was perched on Eethel's lap. The conversation had come around to our favorite topic of late: when, if ever, would Connie talk?

"How long before your kids started talking?" I asked Eethel.

They were about a year old, she said, and then added reflectively, "I wonder if she'll ever learn to say *Eethel*."

At that point Connie spoke her first word, clear and sharp. It was *Eethel*! Everybody gave a yelp, and Connie has been chattering ever since. At six, she speaks with careful, precise enunciation, and reels off a small anthology of ju-

venile poems, including one in Spanish.

We always carefully avoided baby talk. Nor did we introduce her to any of the common gimmicks of babyhood, the playpen, "teeter-babe," and such. There would always be the temptation, we knew, to tuck her into one of those things and leave her. Instead, we propped her in the middle of the floor, with pillows around her, and by the time she was seven months old she was sitting up. At 11 months she felt around until she found a table leg, and then pulled herself to a standing position.

She got her first lessons in walking from Louise and Bud, each holding one of her hands. It was Bud who finally launched her on her first solo. He had gone to the kitchen, leaving Connie in the living room. She called to him, and Bud sang back, "If you want me, you'll have to come and get me." Connie took off, and that hurdle was finally behind us.

The next hurdle was teaching her to feed herself. It was a vexing, messy business. We put a spoon in her hand and guided it around her plate, pointing out each item on the menu. Her inclination at first was to stuff the spoon far back into her mouth, gagging herself. She couldn't see, of course, how other people used spoons.

By the time she was two, Connie was feeding herself. But she loved to dally over her food. She sensed

that patience wasn't one of my finer qualities. If she dawdled long enough, she knew I would cram the food down her little mouth and be done with it. Once I learned to curb my impatience, and Connie learned how distasteful cold food can be, the situation was pretty well in hand.

In all other respects Connie has made good progress, too—at least as good as most normal children and, I proudly suspect, a bit better than some. At two, she was taking her socks off and putting them on. At four, she was brushing her teeth, combing her hair, washing herself, and putting her toys away. At about the same time, she learned how to handle buttons. Dick taught her that. He guided one of her hands to a button, the other to a buttonhole, and then showed her how to bring them together. Connie took over from there. If the buttons came out crooked, she unbuttoned without a murmur and started all over.

Now Connie dresses herself completely, goes to the bathroom by herself, and gets her own drinks. She changes the records on her record player and plants and waters her own flowers (she loves their fragrance). She plays in our fenced-in yard without bumping into obstructions and without having to be watched. This gave our neighbors something of a turn when we moved to Phoenix, Ariz., two years ago. It was several days before they

realized that the youngster romping around the yard couldn't see where she was romping.

Her memory, sharpened by her blindness, is formidable. She has 22 dolls, and can touch any one of them and tell you its name. She identifies visitors by their footsteps, even before she hears them speak. And I remember one time when Dick was making out our income-tax return. He was trying vainly to think of the name of a doctor who had treated Connie a year earlier when we were living in Oklahoma. "Wasn't it Dr. Hanson?" Connie suggested. It was.

Some parents of blind or crippled children tend to hide their youngsters, out of embarrassment. We take Connie everywhere. She loves restaurants and movies. She rides the Ferris wheel and the merry-go-round and prefers to do it alone.

Lately Connie has developed quite a passion for sports. Dick takes her bowling with him and the bowling alley keeps a pint-sized ball under the counter specially for her. "You get me straight, daddy," she tells Dick. He points her toward the pins and then she's on her own.

She dotes on television, too, particularly the horse operas. The sounds accompanying the action are all she needs to know what's going on. "They're fighting," Connie promptly announces when the good guy and the bad guy begin

pummeling each other after the middle commercial.

One evening a week she listens with her grandfather to the fights on the radio. She was a bit puzzled by them at first. "Why does the man count?" she asked. Dick supplied her with a modified demonstration. He put a pillow on the floor, gave Connie a gentle poke, and sent her tumbling onto the pillow. She's a real gone fight fan now.

Connie, in time, dutifully developed several of the "blindisms" we'd been warned about, and one by one we had to overcome them. We whipped the rocking habit simply by buying a rocking chair for her. She could rock when she felt like it and get it out of her system. We tried to keep her hands busy (and out of her eyes) by giving her sewing cards, and beads to string. The jumping habit had us baffled until we made a trip back to Michigan. With Connie in tow, we called on a teacher at the blind school whom she had met and liked. He told her gently that mamma and daddy didn't jump up and down. Connie forthwith stopped jumping.

Discipline has posed another problem. It's not that Connie needs or gets any more disciplining than a normal child. It's simply that when people see you spank or scold a blind child, they immediately conclude that you're a cross between Adolf Hitler and Jack the

Ripper. The first time I spanked Connie, I was inclined to share that point of view.

Once, when it happened in the presence of her grandfather, he got up from his chair, clutching his newspaper. He stomped into his bedroom and methodically tore the newspaper to shreds. Grandma followed him there, and I could hear her saying, "If you want the children to live with us, you're going to have to let them discipline Connie as they see fit."

Disciplining Connie doesn't get easier with repetition. Yet Dick and I are determined that she isn't going to grow up to be a pampered, self-centered brat, persuaded that she can get away with anything just because she's blind. Shocked neighbors ask me how in heaven's name I can lay a hand on a blind youngster. My standard retort is, "You wouldn't like her if I didn't."

I might add that the ratio of spankings to loving, as applied to Connie, is approximately 1 to 10,000.

Perhaps the disciplining helps in another way. It may fortify Connie for harder knocks later by suggesting to her now that life isn't invariably as cushy as it sometimes seems. For things come awfully easy to a blind child, and especially to a little blind girl who happens also to be very pretty. Connie has always been deluged with gifts. Her biggest haul came when she appeared on the *Welcome, Travel-*

ers show in Chicago during a stop-over on our way home from Michigan.

Her loot consisted of seven dresses, a doll, a doll buggy, a set of books, and a portable radio. It also included two dresses, a freezer, and 100 packages of frozen food for her delighted mother, who doesn't mind at all if life seems a little cushy sometimes. Previously Connie had knocked over another nice windfall by copping first place and a \$500 bond in a children's personality contest conducted by a grocery chain in Phoenix. The judges didn't know she was blind until after the contest, and the manager of the stores was so surprised that he almost swallowed his nice fresh rutabagas.

It was only a short time ago that Connie herself became aware of her blindness. It happened one day while she was playing in the yard with some other children. One of them, in the typically thoughtless way of children, said mockingly to Connie, "You can't see! You can't see!" She came running inside to ask me if it was true. I said it was, and explained, as matter-of-factly as I could, that God made some children that way and that they were His special children. It seemed to satisfy Connie. A minute later I heard her give her answer to the little boy who had broken the news so harshly. "Maybe I can't see. But I'm smarter than you are!"

We make no effort to avoid talk-

ing about Connie's blindness in her presence. We don't want it to become a hush-hush subject. But I do object, often out loud, when someone introduces Connie to someone else in some such way as "This is Connie. She's blind." That puts the stigma of differentness on her. It makes her sound like a freak. It's as if I were to say, in introducing somebody's little boy, "This is Jerry. He's stupid," or "This is Billy. He has an ingrown toenail." If people don't catch on that Connie is blind, and if it becomes necessary that they find out, I simply mention in an off-hand way that "she doesn't see."

I suppose it sounds odd for me to say that as Connie gets older the whole thing gets harder for Dick and me. More than ever before, we're conscious of normal children. Holiday times, paradoxically, are especially depressing. The lights and decorations give such pleasure to the average youngster, but Connie can't see the trees and Santa Claus at Christmas, the flags and bunting on the 4th of July.

These things are secondary, though, to our fear that some day, not far off, Connie will have to leave us. In Phoenix, like so many other communities, blind children are not accepted in the public schools. They attend a state school for the blind at Tucson, 125 miles away. Connie is there now.

Right now we're running a race against time. And the result de-

pends very much on Connie herself.

What's happening is this. A handful of us who are parents of blind children have formed an organization in Arizona. One of our prime objectives is to persuade the public schools, if possible, that the blind should be taught along with normal children rather than be segregated. They must grow up to live among sighted people, and therefore, we think, they should go to school with the sighted.

Our organization also is helping new parents of sightless children, for RLF is on the increase. Among babies born premature by two months or more, it is blinding one out of seven. We are trying, furthermore, to disseminate as much information as we can about the mysterious disease itself, to aid in the search for a cure. Doctors often

come to us and ask if they may examine our children, to learn more about RLF.

But whether or not they find a cure, and whether or not we win our race against time, I think Connie will take it in stride. She's a happy, well-adjusted child, without a shred of self-pity and without any feeling of having been deprived of something precious, since she has never been able to see.

We were driving home the other evening when suddenly Connie asked, "Will I always be this way, or can they do something for me?" I said I thought she'd probably always be that way. Connie meditated a moment, and then said, quite cheerfully, "Well, O.K."

I guess that's the way Dick and I feel about it, too. If it's O.K. with Connie, it's O.K. with us.

Never Underestimate . . .

SOME 20 YEARS ago, Gregoriana, seven-year-old daughter of one of the most prominent families in San Marcellino, Philippines, bawled her little head off because she could not receive Holy Communion with her class.

She appeared in church the morning of the First Communions, despite her parents, who belonged to the Aglipayans, a Philippine nationalist group that has broken away from the Church. The priest told her she could not receive with the others. She cried so loud that the service had to stop. She cried so long that eventually her parents had to permit her to be baptized.

At 16, she became an invalid, given up by doctors. "It is because you are going to the wrong church that I am so ill," she told her parents. She bawled some more, and then some. To please her, they began attending the Catholic church. Gregoriana was soon in perfect health.

Today, Gregoriana's father, who has been mayor of the town three times, is president of the Holy Name society. Her sister is president of the Legion of Mary. Gregoriana herself is a nun.

And all because a young lady cried.

Columban Mission News.

Your Trip to Latin America

You can be an ambassador of good or ill will

By EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER

WHETHER YOUR trip to Latin America leaves you memories only of exasperating incidents, or recollections that will give you pleasure for the rest of your life, is entirely up to you. If you start off with the fixed idea that anything that is different from what you are accustomed to is necessarily inferior, you won't have a good time. What's more, you won't learn anything, and you will probably do your own country a disservice.

With the possible exception of a toothbrush, the most important thing you can bring with you is a sense of anticipation. Bring along a feeling that something exciting is about to occur. Add to this a keen curiosity about the people you meet, what they believe in, how they live, and why their customs differ from yours—and your trip abroad will be amply rewarding.

Take the matter of office hours. That theirs are not ours is no sign that the Latin does not work as hard as we do. He merely adjusts his working time to his climate and temperament. In his part of the world it is generally hot in the middle of the day and, after a generous meal, no one can do his best work. The blood that should be nourishing the brain is busy elsewhere helping to digest the food.

So your wise businessman works from ten in the morning to two in the afternoon, then stops for lunch and a quiet siesta. About four, he

returns to his desk ready to put in several more hours at maximum efficiency. Your doctor would probably agree that you'd live longer if you, too, indulged in a mid-day nap.

The Latin believes that "time is made for slaves," that a free man has a right to live pleasantly and agreeably, even



though it may cost him minutes or money to do so. But the North American sides with Benjamin Franklin, who said, "Time is money." So he drives himself hard, takes an hour off for lunch, at which he generally talks business with some friend or associate, and then works straight through the afternoon. He is so keyed up all day that he cannot relax in the evening. Furthermore, he tends to be as strenuous in his play as in his work. The theory that "time is money" is a hard taskmaster.

The Latin American inherits from his Spanish ancestors a fierce regard for personal dignity. In this, he much resembles our own Southerners who, before the Civil war, would duel over the slightest affront. His behavior is far more formal than ours; our sometimes familiar and often boisterous approach may offend him.

Say, for instance, that a South American comes to your office. Before he says a word about business, he will inquire about your health and that of every member of your family. He expects a like courtesy from you. He takes off his hat ceremoniously to men friends, and, when walking with an older gentleman, he always walks on the curb side. When two persons approach a doorway, each will insist that his companion enter first. However, if the North American takes the invitation for granted, and stalks through without making

the gesture of waiting, he is considered uncouth.

Brusqueness is particularly irritating to Latin-Americans. They resent any effort to force their hands. A New York syndicate was offered a chance to buy a very rich mine from some Chileans. The syndicate sent down a representative quite unfamiliar with local psychology. He began negotiations by saying, "I'm a frank man, and I haven't much time, because I've got to catch a plane home. Our top offer is X dollars, and I'll give you until tomorrow morning to decide."

Annoyed by this approach, one of the Chileans replied, "You won't have to wait that long. You may have your answer now: it is No."

Later, the mine was bought for a lower price by persons more *simpático*. The sellers' *amour propre* meant more to them than money, and they never regretted the loss.

As in many other parts of the world, nationalism is on the rise in South America. Travelers would do well to remember this. The president of a large chain of hotels throughout Latin America said recently that, in his suite in Mexico City, he found only ragged bath towels. Calling the housekeeper, he told her, "I sent you a large supply of linen just recently. What have you done with it?"

She answered pertly, "It's on the shelves."

"Then why don't you put new towels in my room?"

The Mexican woman replied angrily, "I wouldn't give them out. I'm from Puebla, where they make perfectly good bath towels. Yours came from the U.S."

Where such strong national feelings exist, it is wise and courteous not to aggravate them. You can avoid speaking of the U.S. as "God's country," for your Latino doubtless believes his own land has an equal right to this description. It is tactful, too, not to keep harping on how we do things at home; and, if you are asked questions, just tell the facts, without making comparisons.

Our Latin-American neighbors are irritated when they see American women in slacks and American men without coats or neckties in the streets of their capital cities.

If American tourists would but remember that they are, in a sense, ambassadors, and conduct themselves accordingly, international relations would be much better.

Formerly, most North Americans went to Europe for their holidays. Many South Americans, too, did the same thing. Luckily for the future harmony of this hemisphere, there has been a change. Now many Latin Americans are exploring the U.S. and are sending their sons to our universities and technical schools. They see our museums, libraries, and hospitals. They listen to our concerts, and discover for themselves that we are not a dollar-driven race with no thought for

art and culture. They are surprised to find that we are, by and large, a kindly, generous, hospitable, and even idealistic people.

On the other hand, North Americans are beginning to learn something of South America. They find that some of the most beautiful and dramatic scenery in the world is to be found south of the Rio Grande. They visit cathedrals and other architectural wonders that rival those of Europe. They are pleased to discover that the great capital cities have modern hotels offering every luxury. Most of all, they have learned that, if you meet the Latino halfway and show a courteous interest in his affairs and culture, you will find him a delightful friend.

After all, the etiquette of traveling boils down to good manners. James Farley, a genius at getting along with his fellow man, has something pertinent to say on the subject. Good manners, he says, are "something more than knowing how to hold your soup spoon, or how to dress when going to a church wedding. It is much more than a capacity to say the pleasant but insincere thing. It is much more than mere tact. It is to feel, and above all, to show that you have a genuine concern for others. It means caring for people, respecting them, treating them as equals, and sharing their fears and earthly concerns, and their ideals."

Follow Mr. Farley's prescription and you'll have a rewarding time.

The Case for Family Allowances

*The plea is based on the premise that our children
are our nation's greatest asset*

By ROBERT and HELEN CISSELL
Condensed from *America**

ONCE UPON a time in this country children were an economic asset. The U. S. was an agricultural nation, and at an early age children became productive as they cared for animals, carried wood and water, and did other chores.

Today the nation is industrialized, and the labor of children is rigidly restricted. Instead of being an economic asset, children in urban America are likely to be an economic liability until they are 17 or 18, and in some cases, longer.

Yet these children, who eat, and wear out clothes, and need medical care, are most precious to parents and country. The answer to the economic problem they create must not be a limiting of family size to fit income. Rather, ways must be found to help the larger families obtain the income they need for decent family life.

Larger families do get some help in the form of income-tax deductions. But deductions do not mean a saving of \$600. The saving is only the tax on this amount, which amounts to about \$120 for most families. This comes to 33¢ a day,

hardly enough to meet the needs of a growing child. Then, millions of families do not have enough income to benefit from tax deductions after the second or third child.

But what about our American standard of living, our ever-increasing wages, our high worker incomes? Many families know about these things only by hearsay.

Look at the 1952 income data released by the Bureau of the Census. At that time, the median family income reached a new high of \$3,900. Not bad. This is the sort of data that can be used to prove that all is well and we never had it so good. When half of our families are making over \$3,900, what is there to worry about? But take a closer look at how income is distributed.

Take family size, for example. As families got larger, median income dropped, as shown by the following table.

<i>Family Size and Income</i>	
<i>Children</i>	<i>Median</i>
<i>Under 18</i>	<i>Income</i>
1	\$4,109
2	4,268

*70 E. 45th St., New York City 17, Oct. 16, 1954. Copyright 1954 by the America Press, and reprinted with permission.

3 _____	3,817
4 _____	3,765
5 _____	3,206
6 or more _____	3,045

Comparing one-child families with those of six or more children shows a striking difference in income distribution. Fifteen per cent of the one-child families had to get along on less than \$2,000, no easy job. But 30% of the families with six or more children had to try to exist on this income. When we look at higher incomes, the situation is reversed. Over 50% of the one-child families had more than \$4,000 a year. But only 29% of the families with six or more children were in this group.

Even when incomes are the same, parents of several children have to pay severe economic penalties. Take the situation of several workers making \$75 a week, or \$3,900 a year. The first worker is single with no dependents. After paying federal income taxes of \$605, he still has \$3,295 left for himself.

The second worker has a wife to support. After taxes of \$467, the two of them have \$3,433, or \$1,717 per person.

The third worker has one child. His taxes are \$347, leaving \$3,553 for the family, or \$1,184 per person.

Worker number four has a wife and five children. He gets seven tax deductions, and not a cent goes for income taxes. But his salary still provides only \$557 for each person in the family. If he has

another child, he will get another tax deduction, which means not a cent to him, and the income per person will drop to \$488.

How is this extra economic burden going to be absorbed? Perhaps the family can pinch a little more, lowering its standard of living still further. Perhaps the father can take on another job in the free time he should spend with his family. Perhaps the mother can get some sort of paying job, though caring for a large family leaves neither time nor energy for outside work. In more than 25% of the families where husband and wife are living together, the wife is employed.

The largest percentage of employed wives is found in families making more than \$6,000 a year. This is part of the explanation for the high family incomes we hear so much about. Many of these families are no doubt paying a very high price in family well-being for their large dollar incomes. In the lower-income groups, nearly one-fifth of the wives are employed, indicating that even the combined wages of husband and wife are often not enough to provide a decent family income.

It is futile to hope that rising wages will solve the economic problems of larger-than-average families. Suppose the workers in the previous example all got a \$5-a-week raise. Each would then be making \$260 more a year, for a to-

tal wage of \$4,160. The following table shows how they would stand after federal income taxes.

	Increase	
	Net	per
	Increase	Person
Single person.....	\$210	\$210
Man and wife.....	215	108
Man, wife, one child	215	72
Man, wife, 5 children	260	37

If the price increases that usually accompany generally rising wages are considered, it is doubtful if the small increase per person in the large family will enable that family to do much more than hold its own. If parents of large families have been thinking that things have been getting tougher in spite of somewhat higher wages, they are right. Since 1944, the dollar income of city workers has been rising steadily, but, for the average worker at least, this has been wiped out by price increases.

Most industrial countries have adopted some system of family allowances. The time has come in the U.S. when a system of federal family allowances is the only practicable way to give larger families the economic assistance they so desperately need. Both the National Catholic Conference on Family Life and the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists urge adoption of family allowances.

Family allowances are not charity. They are, in the words of Father Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., director of the Family Life bureau of

the National Catholic Welfare conference, "a recognition of a nation's greatest responsibility, its responsibility to its children. The grants that are given should be a practical recognition of the fact that a country's children are its greatest asset."

In practice, how would a system of family allowances be handled, and what would it cost? Father Francis J. Corley, S.J., of the Institute of Social Order at St. Louis university, has been studying this matter for several years. In articles in *Social Order* for April, 1953, and June, 1954, he made some concrete proposals.

He recommends that payments begin with the third child. Our present wage system is geared to the needs of the two-child family, so that in many families with only one or two children the need for supplementary income is slight. Also, beginning payments with the third child would greatly reduce cost of the system.

Payments would be scaled downwards as the size of the family increases, because of economies that can make maintenance cost per child less as the family increases. Finally, grants would not be large enough to cover all costs of supporting a child. They would be merely supplementary. Families would still have to practice economies and good management.

Father Corley, therefore, recommends a system of monthly payments of \$12 for the third child,

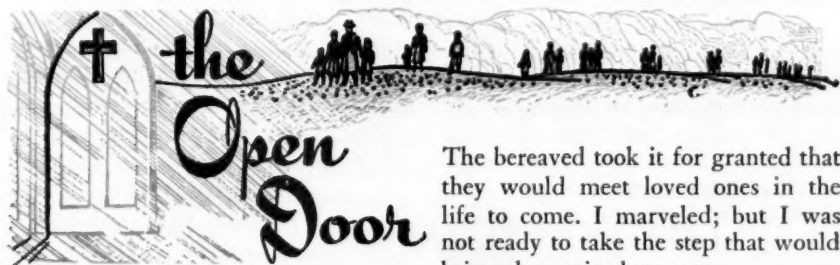
\$10 for the fourth, and \$8 for each succeeding child. It is obvious that no one would get rich raising children.

Father Corley estimates that the total cost of his proposed system would be \$1¼ billion a year. In a country that can spend over \$9 million a year for alcoholic beverages, this does not seem exorbitant for improved care of children. There would, of course, be savings in better health of children, less

delinquency, and improved family life that would help offset the direct cost of the program.

How close are we to having family allowances? This depends on how soon people learn about and press for them. Everyone can promote them through conversation, study clubs, and letters to papers.

Detailed information for anyone is available from the NCWC Family Life Bureau, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.



THE LORD HIMSELF pushed me through the open door of faith. I am a doctor, with a Catholic wife and three Catholic children.

I was not a Catholic when my father, a doctor before me, died. To me, a man of science, his death was terribly final. I felt unutterably alone. I could summon no consolation, nor presume on meeting him in eternity.

Later, I acquired many Catholic friends. They, when attending wakes, would pray for the departed souls. They accepted death calmly as a passing from one phase of life to another.

The bereaved took it for granted that they would meet loved ones in the life to come. I marveled; but I was not ready to take the step that would bring that attitude to me.

Then I became seriously ill; death was breathing on my shoulder. I admitted then that I could not face eternity without the promise of life hereafter, and I wanted desperately the belief that my wife and children would some day join me. So I asked for Baptism. Shortly after, I received the other sacraments. Immediately, peace flooded my soul.

Perhaps the sacraments were medicine prescribed by the Great Physician, for in a few days I was well. Death holds no fears nor frustrations for me now.

Ottie von Schirm.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

I Broke the Sound Barrier

At the speed of sound, you trust in God

By JACQUELINE COCHRAN

Condensed from "The Stars at Noon"*

Jacqueline Cochran, a foundling, spent her childhood in a Florida saw-mill camp. At eight she was working a 12-hour night shift in a cotton mill; at 13 she was a beauty-shop operator. Today she owns three cosmetics firms, and in 1953 she was voted Business Woman of the Year.

It was her flying that brought her fame. She was the first woman to fly a military plane; to make a totally blind landing; to break the sound barrier. During the 2nd World War, she organized, trained, and commanded the WASPs, a part of the U.S. air force comprising some 1,000 women pilots.

The Stars at Noon is the February selection of the Catholic Digest Book Club.

AVIATION HAS been my life since I first learned to fly, back in 1932. But when jet planes came along, I was afraid I was going to be left out of it.

It's difficult for a woman to get her hands on a jet plane. All such planes in this

country are owned by the military forces. I am a pilot in the U.S. air force reserve, but women are not on flying status.

I tried all over the world to hook up with one of the sleek new monsters. Finally, I got a break. Canadair hired me as a flight consultant. That firm had recently developed a Sabre jet with a special engine. I was to flight-test it.

After considerable red tape, Canadair arranged to have the test made at Edwards Air Force base in the California desert. The American authorities weren't too happy about the prospect of a woman rocketing around their precious test area, but they finally agreed.

Edwards base is a perfect place for such a test. The desert lakes are wet during the winter months but dry and hard as a billiard ball in summer. After some short preliminary flights, I got up to 690



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miles an hour on my first officially timed test. The world record at that time stood at 699 mph.

That 690 mph, which could have been as much as 697 mph with accurate timing, led me to believe I had at least a chance to beat the record. So up the next morning I went for another try. I made two passes, under very trying conditions, and when it was evident that I could not better the 699 mph mark, I returned to base. I did not want a women's record, which I could easily have had, mixed in with the men's records I was after.

My plane was immediately refueled and rechecked. But that took about two hours, and the roughness in the air was building up by the minute. A pass in each direction over the course was needed to establish an official average speed. I had fuel enough for only four passes. The average of any two consecutive passes could be taken. My first pass from south to north was at a speed of 680 mph. That result was relayed to me by radio from my own plane, which was parked on the lake bed near the judges' equipment. On the second pass from north to south, with the wind against me, I made only 670 mph. I determined to make a third pass, even though the plane had developed a bad left-wing down roll at high speed.

On this third pass I decided to take a long dive, then level out before reaching the approach to the

course. I did this but, on leveling out, the controls froze on me; the plane seemed determined to roll over to the left. I used both arms to pull on the controls and one knee as well for leverage but with no effect. Another second or two and the plane would have been over on its back and into the ground. I prevented this only by slowing it down. That ended the flight.

I made the long turn for a landing, and Chuck Yeager, who was following me in a chase plane, closed in behind me. He warned me to leave the throttle untouched as much as possible and to land on the lake bed. I wanted to put the plane down on the runway where the ground crew was waiting, but Chuck insisted that I put it down on the lake bed where I could take a high-speed landing and long roll. I took off my oxygen mask and smelled fuel in the cockpit.

When the wheels touched ground and the roll had about stopped, Chuck told me to cut the throttle and switches and get out as quickly as possible. I had a bad fuel leak which he had seen from his plane. A stream of fuel about the size of my thumb was gushing out of the bottom of the main section of the left wing. A sergeant ran up just as I was about to jump (a short stepladder would ordinarily be used) and I asked him to come close and break my fall. He replied he was not going to get near a hot

plane with that much fuel gushing out of it. I finally convinced him that the greatest danger had passed.

Later, inspection showed that the fuel tank had cracked open. That would mean several days for repair.

It was a close call for me. If that loose fuel had gotten back into parts of the fuselage behind me, where an engine was turning out 12,000 horsepower, there would have been a violent explosion. That would have been the end of the plane and the end of me. Someone would probably have blamed it on the fact that a woman was doing the flying.

My timed flights in that plane took a total of about an hour. For these flights, the insurance on the plane cost \$10,000. I knew that insurance companies were pretty accurate in figuring risks. I knew that statistically my chances for a mishap in every flight of that plane would be 50,000 times greater than in an airliner. At 300 feet above the ground, if anything happened it would be next to impossible to get out.

I am often asked what sensation of speed you get in fast, low flights. It is terrific. Consider yourself in an automobile going, not 80 mph, but about 700 mph and you will have a fairly good idea of the flight sensation, particularly if you imagine the automobile about 200 feet above the ground. Now tip the automobile into about a 30° bank and hold it there for several min-

utes while flying a perfect circle. In these maneuvers, you have duplicated the pattern of my test flights.

And don't think that your automobile is too heavy to fly! Even the heaviest car has a lighter wing loading, that is, the number of pounds of weight per square foot of flying surfaces, than the Sabre jet. The flying surfaces of the car consist of the underside of the body and the mudguards. Give that automobile power enough and structural strength enough, and it would fly.

Not long after the flight I've just described, I did actually fly faster than the speed of sound, the first woman to do so. Passing the sonic barrier was more a spiritual and emotional experience than a physical one. Chuck Yeager was the first person to go through the barrier and live to tell about it. I wanted to have the experience, to prove to myself that I wasn't afraid. And Chuck sympathized with me.

He acted as my mentor. No one else was to know about the plan. Time enough to talk about it when it was over. Dozens of experienced and accomplished pilots had tried to dive through that zone of shock waves and had failed. Besides, I did not have much time for the effort.

"Mach 1" is the speed of sound. Such speed varies with temperature, like the stretching and shrinking of a rubber band. But as far as plane and pilot are concerned,

Mach 1, no matter what the so-called "true" air speed at the given place and temperature, brings with it the same shock waves and problems.

On my first flight in the Canadian Sabre jet I took it up to 30,000 feet, and by putting it into a gentle dive I registered .97 of Mach 1, which is on the edge of trouble. For this kind of flying I had about one hour's fuel supply. The next day I went to .99 of Mach 1.

Chuck was flying not far away, and asked me to look at him and tell him what I was seeing. I could see the shock waves actually rolling off my canopy like a fine film of water on a window. The atmospheric conditions have to be just right to see as well as feel shock waves; they were right that day.

There was nothing left for me to do now on the third flight in that Sabre jet except to pass Mach 1. I climbed to about 45,000 feet. Then I did a full-power, almost vertical dive, using the almost invisible air-port as my target.

I counted aloud the changing readings on the Mach meter so that Chuck could hear them. Mach .97, Mach .98, Mach .99, Mach 1, Mach 1.01. At Mach .98 the wing suddenly dipped. Then it overcorrected and the right wing dipped. Then the nose tried to tuck under, which means that the plane wanted to fly on its back in the first phase of an outside loop.

The turbulence was great and

The Hand of a Father

My foster parents had no religion and never went to church. Yet, my earliest recollection is of going to Mass whenever the priest came to town. At first, I was sent by my foster parents, who apparently were bound by some kind of promise. After the first time or two, I went by choice. The priest was a good man who represented something big and wonderful and wholesome to me. More than anything, he gave me hope. Even a child can thrill to the promise: "Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you."

Jacqueline Cochran.

the shock waves violent. But after Mach 1, all turbulence ceased. Then I started to pull out of the dive gently so as to level off before getting below 18,000 feet altitude. Down there, in that heavy air, a pull-out might tear the plane apart. The pull-out causes a slowing of speed, which means coming back past the sonic barrier again with a repetition of the shocks and turbulence and strange antics of the plane.

When I had made my climb for this dive past the barrier, I had noticed that the sky above grew darker until it became a dark blue. The sun is a bright globe up there above

but there are no dust particles at that height to catch and reflect the sun's rays. There is nothing like what we know as "sunshine" high in the sky. Yellow has given way to blue. The gates of heaven are not brilliantly lighted. The stars can be seen at noon.

I landed with one more barrier behind me and was much pleased. As my friends congratulated me, I felt as if I were walking about ten feet above the ground.

I was a part of the plane during this flight. I was, in fact, attached to it several different ways: for strapping on of the parachute, for strapping of myself to the seat, for oxygen, and for listening and speaking. If something had gone wrong, it would have been impossible for me to open the canopy manually and bail out. Jet planes go too fast for that. So there is a lever to pull in an emergency, which sets off an explosive charge and blows the canopy off. Then another lever is pulled, and pilot, seat, and parachute are exploded out of the plane upward and toward the rear. All the pilot has to do after that is count to a certain number while falling and disengaging himself from the seat. Then he can open the parachute and start a slower drop to earth. If he opens his parachute at high altitude, he would quickly freeze. It is best to make a free fall to about 15,000 feet.

A number of men have since

broken the sound barrier. Some have done it often. We know now that our troubles are not over when Mach 1 has been passed. Chuck Yeager, in a Bell rocket plane, some months after those experiences of mine in the jet, went to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ times Mach 1. There are still other barriers to pass up there.

I am often asked what my sensations were while passing the barrier. I was too intent on the job to have any particular impressions. I had no fear, but confidence. And I was alert to what was happening to the plane and what had to be done about it. At sonic speed it takes less than a minute to reach the ground from the start of the vertical power dive. Finally, I had a warm feeling of accomplishment when the dive was over.

And there was another feeling, one of humility and trust. I am a strong believer in God and divine providence. But I am not a fatalist. God helps those who help themselves. Way up there, ten miles above the earth's surface, things come into proportion. The people on the ground have disappeared. You have left them behind and are on your own. You are impressed with the immensity of space, reaching out between and beyond those noonday stars, and the divine order of things, which makes you realize with a feeling of comfort that you are not alone, that God is everywhere. That was why I did not fear, but had confidence.

Right-to-Work Bills

Surface indications are deceptive

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

Condensed from NCWC*

Father Cronin wrote the following as guest columnist in Msgr. George G. Higgins' NCWC column "The Yardstick."

IN STATE after state, bills are being proposed for the purpose of "regulating" the activities of labor unions. Two types are common: the right-to-work bill, and the anti-violence bill. One would outlaw any form of compulsory unionism; the other would curb violence in labor disputes and similar conflicts.

It is easy to see why the stated purposes of these bills would arouse widespread public support. Americans do not like the idea of compulsion. Nor do they favor violence as a means of settling disputes. As a result, it has not been difficult to get such bills enacted into law in many Southern states. The only effective opposition has come from union and Catholic sources, neither of which is powerful in most of the South.

Why have Church authorities, as in New Orleans and St. Louis, opposed bills which seem to be so

consonant with general American attitudes? Obviously, because in these cases the surface indications are deceptive. The proposals are not really designed to protect the right to work; rather they are aimed at neutralizing labor's right to organize. Catholics hold that man's right to form free associations, for legitimate ends, is a natural right which no government may take away. A government which effectively denies labor's right to organize could just as readily deny the right of peaceful assembly or of free religious worship.

No state may legally act directly against labor's right to organize, since federal law in this case is controlling. The National Labor Relations act, reaffirmed by the Labor-Management Relations act, protects the right in areas under federal jurisdiction. In practice, this means areas with substantial impact upon interstate commerce. But the law does permit the states to adopt more severe regulation of unions than federal law imposes, provided they do not conflict. The result is

*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C. Oct. 23, 1954. Copyright 1954 by NCWC, and reprinted with permission.

a series of devious devices aimed at circumventing labor's rights.

The basic objection to a right-to-work law is that it practically forces conflict between labor and management. By denying the union effective security in a given plant, labor is forced to be perpetually on the defensive. The union itself is weakened by having to divert so much of its funds and energies to the struggle. Labor-management relations are poisoned by the suspicion engendered by the situation.

The argument that compulsory unionism violates workers' rights would come with better grace if its proponents were workers. There has been no ascertainable worker sentiment for this alleged right. The advocates of "labor freedom" are employer groups.

If the struggle were centered in the large industrial states, with powerful unions, one might possibly believe that abuses by unions provoked the legislation. But the fight is centered in newly industrialized areas, where unions are struggling to gain a foothold. They are striving to gain better conditions for workers in these areas, and also to protect union workers elsewhere from sweatshops.

There are many solid arguments in favor of union security, whether it be by a union shop or other device. In the first place, when the law required a ballot of workers before such security could be granted, the favorable vote was uniformly overwhelming. The workers obviously like a union shop. Again, the most extensive study ever made of "the causes of industrial peace" supports the idea of union security. The National Planning association study found such security a prerequisite for peaceful labor relations.

Nor does a union shop violate worker rights. The right to work may be surrounded by conditions demanded by the public interest or the common good. Federal workers must live up to security standards. Workers handling food must follow hygienic rules. In a recent case, it was held that workers may be discharged for slandering company products.

The right to work is rarely unconditional; the only question is whether or not the conditions are reasonable and in the public interest. The real motive behind many right-to-work bills is simply opposition to unions as such.



Science Marches On

A FRENCH WOMAN has found a new use for the dictaphone—a cure for family quarrels. Recordings made during rows, when played back, are embarrassing and ridiculous enough to cure anybody.

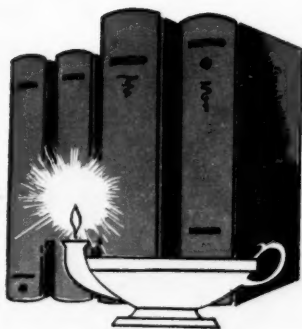
Tom Henry in *This Week*.

Intelligence Tests and Your Child

The IQ score does not tell the whole story of your child's future

By SISTER MARY, I.H.M.

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal**



CAN INTELLIGENCE tests really tell you how bright Johnny is? His score on the tests comes out as an "IQ" number.

His IQ, or intelligence quotient, is obtained by dividing his mental age by his chronological age.

An average IQ is one from 90 to 110. The upper limit of children in this group can attain good grades in elementary school without too much work. The lower limit has to work hard to sustain a C average even in grade school. In high school, the lower half of the average group, 90 to 100, finds it very difficult to sustain a C average; the upper half, 100 to 110, can do so by hard work. College work is impossible for the lower group of 90 to 100; it is exceedingly difficult for the upper group, 100 to 110.

Children with average IQ's may still differ in particular mental powers. A child of average IQ whose forte is memory will not be as capable as another whose IQ is the same but whose strong point is his reasoning ability. A child with

good judgment and considerable imagination can do more than one with a better memory, less judgment, and little imagination. And the fable of the turtle and the hare is to the point. The plodder arrives eventually. Habits of neatness, order, perseverance, self-confidence, and courage are of supreme importance to achievement regardless of IQ.

One of your children not nearly so gifted as another may accomplish much more because of his good habits and hard work. Geniuses often accomplish little if they are erratic and disorganized: they do not have good mental or character habits.

God, through the laws of nature, has settled pretty well your child's intellectual ability. However, to a great extent you yourself determine the character habits of your children. Therefore, you determine how effectively they can use their intellectual gifts. I believe that most of the world's work is done by people of high average or su-

*220 37th St., Pittsburgh 1, Pa. December, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.

perior intelligence and good work habits, not by geniuses.

Good work and character habits make up a fine psychological bank account which you build up day by day for your children. Such habits are much more important to life and its work than a high IQ is in itself. A high IQ without character is more often than not a liability, socially and morally; a high IQ with a fine character is always an asset, of course.

The superior and very superior children are those with IQ's from 110 to 120 or 120 to 130. Both the superior and very superior students will get A's for the most part throughout elementary school. In high school, the superior child, IQ 110-120, will probably sustain a B average with effort, while again, with effort, the very superior child, IQ 120-130, sustains the A average. The work is harder and competition keener in high school.

In college, the picture changes again. Generally, only children of superior intelligence are interested in college. But even young people of superior intelligence, IQ 110-120, find themselves able to sustain a good C average only by hard work.

The very superior individuals, IQ 120-130, are able to get mostly B's; but, again, with hard work. Aside from an occasional A, which is exceptional for them, these very superior children are out of the running for A's. The B, A-, and A average on the college level is intellectual stratospheric flying. Only persons with high native IQ's of 130 and above move about habitually at this high level.

Often, parents do not understand this. They expect the child who gets A's in 1st grade to get them all his life. Be grateful that he gets them on starting out; it will make him like school. But remember that the chances are five to one that on the high-school level he will be B. If he keeps the A record intact in high school, the chances are three to one that he will not sustain it in college. He will drop to a B level.

Do not show disappointment as long as he is earnest and working hard. See to it that your child picks up the best character habits you can give him from 1st grade on. Your training then will guarantee that he will work up to the capacity of his intelligence.



Summa Economica

SOME MEN wrest a living from nature; this is called *work*. Some men wrest a living from those who wrest a living from nature; this is called *trade*. Some men wrest a living from those who wrest a living from those who wrest a living from nature; this is called *finance*.

Vincent McNabb, O.P. in *The Friar* (July '54).

The Happy Handicapped

Hank Viscardi is teaching disabled men "the sweet dignity of a productive life"

By EDWARD B. HAUCK

ABILITIES, INC., a small manufacturing firm, opened for business with an \$8,000 debt and a staff of four men who among them had but one leg and five arms. The debt represented building rent and some furnishings and equipment. The assets of the company were the deep religious faith of its founder, Hank Viscardi*, and his intense desire to channel his abilities into the service of the disabled. (That last word, by the way, he considers a misnomer.)

The firm opened two years ago in West Hempstead, Long Island, N.Y. Since then, from an abandoned garage with floor space of 2600 square feet, Abilities, Inc., has expanded to a building covering 13,000 square feet. A warehouse with 2400 square feet is under construction. Personnel has increased from the original four to 150. Abilities today boasts \$149,000 in ready assets. Sales for the first year reached \$191,000; the second year, \$387,000. This year the goal is \$500,000, with every indication that it

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, April, 1953, p. 97.



will be attained without difficulty.

The outside of the plant would hardly attract the gaze of a passerby, much less a second look. But if he happened inside, his eyes would pop. Not so much because of what was being done, but because of the people doing it.

Every one of the 150 employees of Abilities, Inc., is physically impaired to such an extent that, by usual standards, he would be termed "unemployable." "Name the disability or ailment, and we have it here," says Dr. Sydney Glaser, the plant physician. Yet the production records of this small firm compare favorably with those of any other in the U.S.

Abilities is no charitable venture. It neither asks nor receives special consideration for work; it has become successful in the tough competition of the American system. And the company goes after some of the most difficult contracts.

Much of the work at Abilities is production of complex electronic assemblies for aircraft and the pro-

cess packaging of 2500 small parts for airplanes. All jobs must stand up under the most rigorous inspections.

The driving force behind Abilities, Inc., is the astonishing Henry Viscardi, known familiarly as Hank. He knows well the problems of the disabled: he was born without legs. But despite this crippling handicap and his seemingly endless struggles and tribulations, Hank Viscardi became a successful businessman. But he believed that it was his duty to offer more than good example. He felt that he should devote his talents to actively helping those who, in effect, had been discarded because of their infirmities.

Abilities' advisory board of directors is made up of some of the leading men in American industry, many of them heads of companies having contracts with Abilities. But there is another member, unseen, who attends all the meetings of the directors, says Hank.

"From the beginning," he explains, "the blessed Mother has been on our board of directors. She has always been my inspiration for Abilities. We've had some interesting times, our Lady and I. I don't know how much *she* knows about electronics; I don't know anything. But together we've built a pretty successful organization, even though there were times when it was doubtful whether we could handle the problems."

Hank's faith earlier in his life stood the test that few are asked to take. Until he reached manhood he struggled around on stumps. Part of that time was spent on the campus at Fordham university, which last year recognized his contributions to humanity by conferring upon him a Doctor of Laws degree.

During his late 20's, Hank underwent a series of painful operations so that he could be fitted with artificial limbs. Before that, he had been told that he couldn't be fitted for artificial legs. But he went ahead doggedly, and submitted to long hospitalizations. Once he had the legs, his determination soon enabled him to master them.

He became so adept that during the 2nd World War he was asked to teach veteran amputees to use their "new" legs. He even took army basic training to prove that artificial limbs are not necessarily a handicap. He continued in this work through postwar years.

Hank's native talent as a leader brought him a position as personnel director of Burlington Mills, one of the country's largest textile firms. But his desire to help others was too urgent for him to stay there long. He resigned to become executive director of a new organization he helped found, called Just One Break. The initials spell JOB, and that's what its purpose was: to find jobs for the physically handicapped. Abilities, Inc., grew out of this, although JOB is still operating

with Hank as its moving spirit.

Abilities offers the disabled not only an opportunity to earn a good living wage, but also a mental lift, and thus a new and brighter outlook on life.

"Some people," says Viscardi, "think only in terms of subsidy for the handicapped. Such a handout would deny them their American heritage, the opportunity to support themselves in dignity through free and open competition.

"Not pensions, parades, nor pity, can substitute for the sweet dignity of a productive life. If you see a really happy man, you will find him building a boat, educating his children, or growing double dahlias. He will not be reaching for happiness as if it were a collar button that had rolled under a radiator."

Abilities, Inc., is a monument to Hank's philosophy. "We won't invent a better screw driver, much less a better mousetrap," he says. "Our greatest product is in human engineering, and that's where we do our greatest research. As long as one disabled person wants dignity, we'll be there to help him attain it. People come to us from the shadows into a life of dignity."

What Abilities, Inc., means to such people is seen in the case of a boy in his late teens who was brought to the plant by his parents. A deaf-mute from birth, he had spent 14 years in various special schools.

"He was the sorriest looking kid you ever saw," says Hank. "We didn't know what to do with him, but we let him roam around the plant and come along under his own steam. He finally found something he could do, and became the happiest boy you could imagine."

The story doesn't end there. One Friday afternoon, the boy's foreman heard sounds coming from that part of the room where the boy was working. He investigated, and found the young man speaking a few distinguishable words. He hurried to Hank's office and related the story.

"I was tired from a tough week, and kind of sloughed it off," recalls Hank. "On Monday morning, the foreman brought the boy into my office. He looked at me and said, 'Good morning, boss.' I nearly fell off my chair."

Later, Hank had the boy examined by specialists, who advised speech and hearing therapy. Today, this young man has a growing vocabulary; and with a hearing aid he can pick up some sound.

Other employees of Abilities have enjoyed rehabilitation just a shade less dramatic. One is Art Nierenberg, who lost the use of one arm and both legs from polio. He is plant superintendent, and Hank's right-hand man. He is largely responsible for the production feats of the company.

The plant's methods engineer is Jimmy Wadsworth, once a deep-sea

diver, who is paralyzed from the waist down. He has designed much of the special equipment for Abilities, Inc. An example of his ingenuity is a process he developed for one phase of assembling electronic equipment. The standard process was to twist cables by hand before dipping them into a silver solution. Because some of the people on the job either could not use their fingers or did not have fingers at all, Wadsworth designed a friction wheel which twists the cables much faster than hands could.

Another man, armless and legless, devised a little machine that inks and stamps envelopes simultaneously. He also made a tray from which he can pick small washers and rivets.

The employees of Abilities, Inc., also do soldering, riveting, welding, coil winding, and complicated packaging, among other jobs.

Their abilities have enabled the firm to obtain contracts from such

companies as Sperry Gyroscope, Republic Aircraft Corp., Dictaphone Co., Fairchild Camera & Instrument Co., Ford Instrument Co., Remington Rand, Inc., Philco Co., Grumman Aircraft Co., and others.

Abilities, Inc., is a membership corporation, and therefore pays no dividends. All net profits go back into the business. It has the advantage of tax exemption, because it is nonprofit. But that is the only advantage it enjoys over firms competing for the same contracts.

Last year it would have cost social agencies or the government more than \$100,000 to care for the employees of Abilities, Inc., had they continued to be unemployed and unproductive. Instead, they turned back into the community many times that sum in purchasing power and individual taxes, not to mention the products they made. Above all, they have come to know "the sweet dignity of a productive life."



Sermons Without Words

FOR THREE consecutive Sundays, the pastor had noticed that one of his oldest parishioners had failed to attend Mass. Alarmed, he decided to visit the man's home, for he thought he might be ill.

But the man seemed in good health as he showed the pastor in. They sat down by the fireplace and talked about trivialities, both waiting for the other to bring up the real cause of the priest's visit.

Finally, as the conversation died, the pastor picked up a glowing coal from the fire and put it on the hearth. They both were silent as they watched the lone ember slowly die out.

As the priest turned to go, his host said, "That was a good sermon, Father. You can count on my being there next Sunday."

Coronet.

Grandpa's Drugstore

He put kindness into the prescriptions he filled

By WALTER CRONKITE

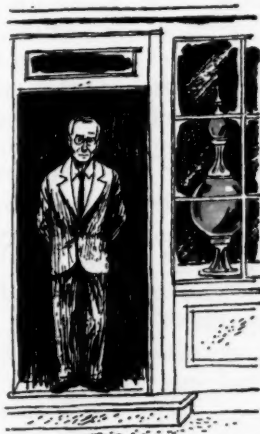
As told to Floyd Miller

I WAS ONLY nine years old when I realized that my grandfather was a failure. It was unclear to me just what a failure was, but I knew for certain that grandpa Fritsche was in that category. My uncle established this fact when he discussed grandpa with his sister, my mother. She confirmed it when she nodded, and wrinkled her forehead.

Grandpa owned a drugstore in Leavenworth, Kan., and what a wondrous place it was! Ruby urns cast a light that was full of warmth and mystery; geometric designs glittered in an expanse of tile floor; high metal chairs stood before a marble refreshment counter; glass shelves held an endless assortment of pomades and nostrums for hair, eyes, teeth, ears, feet, the internal organs—here was the accumulated wisdom of the ages.

Aromatic smells filled the room. They came from the pharmacy in the rear. In the pharmacy stood a mortar and pestle, a set of delicate scales, and row upon row of powders and liquids. The bottles and boxes bore strange Latin names; some were marked with skull and crossbones, and the spine-tling word *Poison*. Surely the man who presided over all this must be extraordinarily wise. And so my grandfather seemed to me.

He was tall and lean, with a shock of gray hair. He was always immaculate, and his each movement was accompanied by the rustle of starched linen. Shaggy brows shaded his penetrating eyes, and I used to think he could look right inside me and know when I told a lie. But he didn't frighten me. His voice was soft, and his blue-veined hands gentle, and he was full of lit-



tle jokes. Once he put me to work with mortar and pestle powdering cork. From time to time he'd inspect my progress and even call an assistant to confirm his grave announcement that I didn't seem to be a very good cork powderer. Finally he confessed, chuckling, that it had all been a joke, because nobody could powder cork in a mortar. I didn't mind, because I knew that a towering chocolate soda awaited me.

At ten years of age, I began to run errands and do minor chores around the pharmacy, and my loyalties became set. I was on grandpa's side, even if he was a failure. But I still wondered what about him deserved that epithet.

One night I was wakened by frantic shouting in the house, and learned that grandpa's pharmacy was on fire. All the family dressed and rushed downtown to watch the firemen wage a losing battle. As the building was slowly leveled, I heard somebody offer grandpa sympathy. He murmured in reply, "It's only wood and glass, some powders and syrups. The important thing is that nobody is hurt."

The following week, my uncle appeared at our house and announced, "Not one cent of fire insurance did dad have. How can he be such a terrible businessman?" At last I understood how grandpa was a failure: he was a bad businessman.

That summer, my uncle put up

the money to re-establish grandpa in business, this time in a fine new pharmacy near Kansas City General hospital No. 2. My uncle said this location was "foolproof," and that even grandpa would make a success here because of all the prescription business he would receive from hospital patients. And this time the family saw to it that grandpa had fire insurance.

As had been predicted, business at the new pharmacy was brisk, too brisk, in fact, for grandpa. This was a more modern store than his first one, carried a greater variety of merchandise, and was almost constantly thronged. Grandpa and his impeccable manners seemed suddenly old-fashioned and inefficient. He liked to get to know his customers, to discuss their ailments at leisure, and that just couldn't be done when somebody else was always waiting impatiently to be served. So grandpa moved his base of operations to a bench in the park across the way. Each fair-weather afternoon he could be found sitting erect on the bench, his silvery hair visible blocks away, a kind of advertising sign that Mr. Fritsche was now open for business.

I used to sit on the bench beside him while a parade of people dropped by to chat. They were poor and rich, young and old, all having one thing in common: a problem or a thought they wanted to share with grandpa. As I look back now, I'm certain he gave

some medical advice that was far beyond his capacity, or at least his legal right, to give. But usually his advice was in the realm of problems that no medicine could touch. Sometimes he didn't talk at all, just listened, and that seemed to help as much as anything.

I remember one lady who had been coming to grandpa's drugstore for years, always trying new medicines, but never with any improvement in her health. One day she stopped by to sit on the bench, and I noticed a yellowish cast to her skin and a dimness in her eyes. She was dying. I knew it. Neither she nor grandpa said anything for a time, but finally he pointed out a cloud that was developing on the flat Missouri horizon. He began talking about clouds, cirrus, cumulus, nimbus, stratus, and about the earth's atmosphere and the air pressures within it. He explained where that cloud was heading and what it might do for the crops. And as his gentle voice went on, the whole thing seemed wondrous, as if some special intelligence had arranged everything for man's benefit.

Slowly the old lady's eyes looked heavenward and they cleared and brightened. It was as if she had never looked in that direction before and was seeing things for the first time. Finally she stood up and left without a word. We learned later that she died in her sleep that night and that her relatives had

found her with a gentle, faraway smile on her lips.

While grandpa and I spent the afternoons on the park bench, clerks continued to do a thriving business in the drugstore, and everything seemed to be fine. But one day my uncle announced that everything was very wrong. He had gone over the books, and had found unpaid charge accounts running into hundreds of dollars; he demanded that grandpa put these accounts into the hands of a collector. Grandpa reluctantly agreed. I became the bill collector.

I was now 12 years old, and fully aware of poverty. I had seen too many poor people come to grandpa for medicine not to recognize the haunted look that poverty can put into a man's eyes. I didn't welcome the job grandpa forced upon me.

Handing me a list of about ten persons who owed him money, grandpa said, "Just visit these folks and see how they're making out. Don't press them too hard, Walter. We don't want to take bread off their tables, do we?"

"No sir," I said with relief.

At the end of the day I returned to the store without one penny collected. I went over the list with grandpa, giving a most depressing account of the financial condition of each customer. My youthful eyes may have exaggerated the poverty I saw, but I think that grandpa's aged ones would have seen the same as mine. When I finished my

story, grandpa took down the big account ledger, and opposite each name I had reported upon, he wrote, "Paid in full."

"Grandpa!" I gasped. "What will happen when *they* find out?"

He thought for a moment; then a slow smile spread over his face, and he said, "Why, I guess they'll say that I'm a poor businessman."

Fritsche's Holmes St. pharmacy went into bankruptcy in the fall of 1932. Again there were family conferences about grandpa, but this time nobody proposed putting up more money to re-establish him in business, until grandma spoke up. Unknown to anybody, she had accumulated a large life's savings which she now wished to use to open a new store for her husband. The rest of the family had grave misgivings about throwing "good money after bad," but as they debated the question, grandma's bank failed and she was wiped out. This, too, was somehow blamed upon grandpa.

He was 66 by now, and the family decided that he should retire. Just as I was leaving home for college, he came to live with my parents. During the rest of his life I saw him only occasionally. Yet, while I was away at school and then out beginning my career, he remained in the back of my mind, source of both inspiration and confusion. I wondered what his life had added up to. Could such a man be a failure? If he was, there

was something wrong with the world. I didn't know the answer. I knew my grandfather, but not yet the world.

Ten years later, the 2nd World War was grinding to a dreadful climax. I was in Europe as a newspaper correspondent when I received word that grandpa had got a job in a big chain drugstore. The war had so depleted manpower that even a 76-year-old, slightly deaf pharmacist could find work. Two years later, grandpa died, on the job.

His death moved me deeply. Surrounded by war, brutality, and human degradation, I longed for the world grandpa Fritsche had seen. But it was gone. There was no place in the 20th century for his kind. He was dead, and so was part of me, my childhood, my illusions.

I didn't return to Kansas City until I had covered the postwar Nuremberg trials, where all the baseness of man was laid bare. I was tired and bitter. Nothing seemed worth working for. About a week after my return, I received word that the manager of the drugstore where grandpa had worked wanted to see me. Puzzled, I sought him out.

When I entered his giant, glittering store I tried to imagine grandpa in this setting, but without success. On sale were books, athletic equipment, garden tools; the odors that filled the fluorescent brilliance

were those of frying hamburgers; narrow aisles between pyramided merchandise were thronged with customers frantic over a lost minute if a clerk did not wait upon them at once. This was a pharmacy? Who had time here to listen to symptoms and fears? Why there wasn't even an urn of ruby liquid in the window—it was filled with atomic space guns for children!

The manager took me back to his tiny office. "My district supervisor wanted me to fire your grandfather after he was here a week," he said abruptly, "but thank God I didn't. You see, Mr. Fritsche was a little deaf, and whenever the phone rang he'd shush the entire store . . . but everybody! Even the soda jerks had to silence their clatter while he talked.

"At first we thought it would drive business away, but the opposite happened. People began to look forward to eavesdropping on Mr. Fritsche's phone calls. He'd get calls demanding every kind of advice, and the whole store would listen quietly to the answers. When he'd hang up, why, everybody would be smiling at everybody else. They were amused at the old fellow, of course, but they were taking in some of his advice, too, and they sort of relaxed."

I nodded. As he spoke, grandpa became alive once again for me, and I too began to unwind a bit,

shedding some of the tensions I had accumulated in Europe. I could hear grandpa's voice, gentle, reassuring; I could again feel his confidence that the world was essentially a good place to live in, and that man had God in his heart.

"He did a great deal for me personally," the manager was saying. "I never really wanted to be a pharmacist, but the depression drove me into it, and soon I was too old to learn anything else. But always I'd been a little ashamed of my job, felt that it was beneath my dignity. That's a terrible way to feel about your work, can ruin your life. But then Mr. Fritsche came, and I learned from him how important it is to be a good pharmacist, how much you can help people. He showed me that dignity comes from what you are inside, not from what you may look like on the outside. I—I never got a chance to say these things to Mr. Fritsche. That's why I wanted to tell you, and thank you."

I took his proffered hand and held it for a moment in silence. I felt that I should be thanking him. He had brought grandpa back to me when I needed him the most. He had brought back the good, the true things I had learned in childhood. He had shown me in adult years what I had suspected as a boy: that the family legend was wrong. Grandpa was not a failure.

Two Papal Funerals

*Public hate and public love form a
contrast and teach a lesson*

By W. J. HEGARTY

Condensed from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record**

THE CHURCH is now being subjected to a persecution wider in its extent, better organized in its arrangements, and more savage in its methods than even the persecutions of Nero and Diocletian.

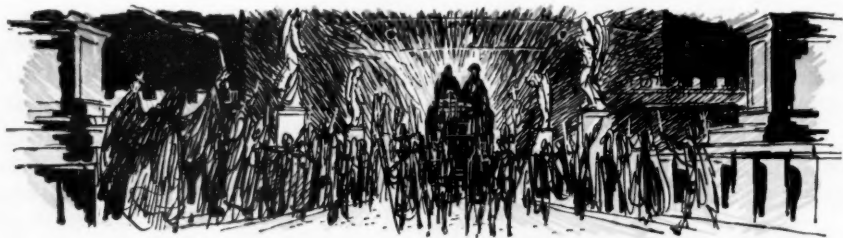
Are there any grounds for optimism? I think there are. I would like to illustrate by contrasting two papal funerals. The lesson is so obvious that, as Chesterton might say, no one at all will learn it.

The funeral of St. Pius X was the solemn transferring of his remains from St. Peter's to St. Mary Major on May 30, 1954, the day after his canonization. Newspapers differed widely in their estimates of how many people lined the streets to see the cortege. But all agreed that the number was over

one million; some thought that it fell little short of two million.

And every reporter further declared that words could not express the combination of enthusiasm and veneration which moved the immense gathering. Many dropped on their knees as the body passed by; others could be heard invoking the intercession of the newest name on the calendar of the saints. The Italian government itself participated; troops lined the long route through which the procession passed.

We are often told that communism is very strong in Italy, and particularly in Rome. That may be true, but it certainly kept very quiet that May 30. The procession was a world-wide tribute to a great man, and that man was a Pope.



*Browne & Nolan, Ltd., 41 & 42 Nassau St., Dublin, Ireland, October, 1954. Reprinted with permission.

Now remain in the same Piazza di San Pietro from which the funeral of St. Pius X started, but go back to midnight of July 13-14, 1881. Pope Pius IX had died Feb. 7, 1878, after a pontificate of 32 years, the longest in history. He had spent one period in exile and was a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican for the last eight years of his life.

Few people today can realize to what a low degree papal prestige had sunk in the closing years of Pius IX. The temporal sovereignty of the papacy had gone. In the opinion of many, it was only a question of time, a very short time, till the spiritual sovereignty would also be dissolved.

In newspapers, in clubs, at dinner tables, it was taken as a matter of course that Pius IX would be the last Pope. The general idea was that on the death of Pius the Italian government would step in and prevent the holding of an election to appoint a successor, and that the Italian government would have the moral and military support of every government in Europe. Renan, that eminent renegade, thought even this too great a tribute. He held that no interference was necessary, as the Papacy would simply die of contempt.

A conclave held after the death of Pius IX elected Cardinal Gioacchino Pecci to succeed him. But at a meeting held in the Campo dei Fiori on Feb. 24, 1878, 17 days after the death of Pius and only four

days after the election of Leo XIII, one orator spat out and shouted: "Thus do I spit on the decaying corpse of the Papacy."

Pius IX had chosen as his final resting place the church of St. Lawrence. The cardinal executors were anxious to comply. But arranging a tomb for a Pope takes time, and this delay was made still longer by the hostile attitude of every secret society in Italy, most of whom had their headquarters in Rome. So nearly three years elapsed before the transferring of the remains could take place.

At last, all the preliminaries were completed and it was arranged that the funeral should take place at midnight of July 13-14. The ecclesiastical authorities notified the civic authorities of Rome, who in turn consulted the government. All three parties agreed that the funeral should take place as quietly and as privately as possible. Hence the selection of the very unusual hour of midnight for the funeral.

But the funeral of a Pope cannot be kept secret, and on the night of the 13th quite a big crowd assembled in the Piazza di San Pietro. Many of them carried candles, which had been quite openly on sale in the piazza during the evening. The clocks had scarcely finished striking midnight when the funeral procession appeared. Just a hearse followed by two coaches, then a number of the clergy of St. Peter's, and after them the members of

the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See. Neither the nature of the funeral procession nor the hour at which it took place could be regarded as a challenge.

But it soon became plain that the funeral was to be made the occasion of a display of antipapal hatred and violence. As it proceeded along the former Borgo di Santo Spirito (now the Via della Conciliazione) which leads from St. Peter's to Castel Sant'Angelo, occasional hooting, hissing, and cat-calling could be heard. In the wide area round Castel Sant'Angelo an armed and organized mob made a furious attack. Above the noise could be heard the savage cry: "Throw the old pig into the Tiber," and it is probable that the hooligans really intended to do this. The attempt failed, but many in the procession and many onlookers were seriously injured.

The Italian ministers suddenly saw what deplorable effects the whole affair would have in foreign countries. They hastily called out the military, too late to do any good. Mancini, the foreign minister, imposed a rigid censorship on all telegrams from Rome, so that nothing about the riot appeared in the foreign press on July 14. Meanwhile, he telegraphed Italian ambassadors abroad to inform the various governments to which they were accredited that Catholics themselves had provoked it. Prime Minister Depretis declared in the Sen-

ate that the disturbance was the work of "some ill-advised persons."

In one respect, the orgy did great service to the Holy See. Ever since 1870 the voluntary imprisonment of the Pope in the Vatican had been regarded by many people as a piece of play acting which should inspire only ridicule in the minds of sensible men. Nor could those who believed this be persuaded that the appearance of the Pope in the streets of Rome might be the signal for a riot which would not only inflict injury on the Pope himself but would bring the gravest discredit on the Italian nation. No living Pope—nor even a dead one—could be carried in the streets of Rome.

The famous *Berliner Tageblatt*, in spite of its staunch Lutheranism, declared that "it is with every right that Leo XIII may declare henceforth that he cannot leave the Vatican, for reasons of personal safety."

In some respects, 1954 presents a much brighter picture than 1881. We know the evil records of Hitler, Stalin, and Tito. But before any of those was born the Church was contending with their prototypes in the last century: Crispi, Garibaldi, Mancini, and Zanardelli. Every generation produces its crop of fanatics who are convinced that now is the time to bury the Church. But while the Church survived, her undertakers died, were buried, and are now forgotten. The same fate will befall their successors.

Time Runs Out in Asia

*Action is better than reaction where the
Reds are concerned*

By CARLOS P. ROMULO

Former President of the United Nations General
Assembly

Condensed from *This Week**



I AM A FREE Asian, one of the steadily diminishing number of free Asians. Last year, 1954, was catastrophic for the cause of freedom in my part of the world. The way things look now, 1955 and 1956 may see all of Southeast Asia swallowed up in the communist empire. The Reds are outplanning, outplaying, and outscoring us, and the sooner we wake up, the better.

I spend a lot of time traveling around the U.S., and I know that Americans are tired of being warned. But I also know that my freedom and that of my country, the Republic of the Philippines, depend on whether the U.S. and its allies can work out a political, economic, and military counterattack to stop communism. It's pretty late in the game, but not too late. The next two or three years will tell the story.

A start was made recently when the Manila Pact, a defense treaty

for Southeast Asia, was signed by eight nations. But it was only a start. We must not think that we can win cold wars merely with fancy documents.

There are a half dozen practical steps we can take now that could change the picture in Southeast Asia. Let's see how things stand.

Indo-China gave communism its greatest diplomatic victory since the Bolshevik revolution in 1917. It's probably true that the Geneva agreement partitioning Vietnam was for the West the only way out of the mess, short of a 3rd World War. French refusal to cut the bonds of colonialism, cleanly and fully, as the U.S. did in my country, insured a communist victory.

Let's recognize that to millions of Asians Geneva meant that communist China had forced a great white Western power, France, to sue for peace and gratefully to accept hard terms. More, it meant

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Nov. 7, 1954. Copyright 1954 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

that the communist Chinese foreign office had become a major power in international affairs; and that an important new communist state had been created and tacitly recognized.

It meant, too, that in addition to Peiping the communists had a second major Asian capital, Hanoi, to build up as a nerve center from which to direct the spread of communism.

Anyone who was at Geneva will tell you that the Chinese communists came as conquerors. As soon as they landed at Geneva's airport, they made an advertiser take down his display of flags because it included the Nationalist Chinese rather than their own banner. They gave big parties; but they maintained the tight discipline of an army that has won battles and is intent on winning more. The Chinese communists came to Geneva an Asian power; they went away a world power.

What worries me now, remembering the accounts of Geneva given me by diplomats who were there, are not only past communist gains but the future gains that were made possible at Geneva. At that conference was laid the groundwork for the next communist advance. Professionally speaking, the communists did a beautiful job of making one success the stepping-stone to another. This is the trap they dug.

In 1956, under terms of the Ge-

neva Pact, elections are to be held throughout Vietnam. The communists control the North; a weak native government and the French remain in the South. For the next year and a half, the communists will be using every propaganda trick to make sure the elections go their way. The Reds didn't object at Geneva to the continued presence of the French in Vietnam because they knew that would be their best propaganda gimmick in dealing with a people sick of the French.

What frightens me, aside from the loss of all of Vietnam, is that if the Reds win in 1956, it will be the first time they have won a free election. Think what that would mean to the rest of Asia—and to the world!

You don't have to be an Asian expert to see what would happen if all of Vietnam goes communist. Neighboring Laos and Cambodia would not be able to hold out long under steady communist pressure. The "Free Thai" movement, operating on Thailand's frontiers under directions from Peiping, would get a terrific boost. Communism in Burma, Indonesia, and Malaya would get new prestige and strength. India would burrow deeper into "neutrality." Can anyone say where the tide would stop?

That's the prospect that faces us. Can we do anything about it? I say Yes. But don't look for any one-gulp prescription. What's needed is

a carefully thought-out, continuous-action program. And we need it in a hurry.

Any practical program requires a re-shaping of our own psychology. We've been on the defensive, acting only in reaction when the communists act. That lets them call the shots and keep us continually off balance. It's high time that we took the initiative, and invested as much planning in Southeast Asia as the communists have. Here is what I propose.

In the political field: 1. Let's realize once and for all that the colonial era in Asia is dead. You Americans have recognized it. And in their hearts, so have the British, the French, the Dutch, and Portuguese. But they're still trying to hold onto a few remnants of their empires. As long as they do, millions of Asians will keep worrying more about colonialism than about communism.

To many Asians, communism is something abstract and unknown. Colonialism is known and hated. Given the choice, many Asians will take communism. We have to prove to them that the choice is not between colonialism and communism but between freedom and a new kind of colonialism, communist imperialism.

The French must stop *talking* about getting out of Indo-China and *get* out. Only the sight of French ships pulling out of Saigon will convince the Vietnamese that

South Vietnam is independent. Such action would give the non-communist elements a chance of winning in 1956. The withdrawal of the French may cause administrative chaos, but it's a risk that has to be taken.

The same goes for the other vestiges of colonialism, which give the communists such good talking points. A timetable for Malayan independence from the British must be proclaimed. The Pacific Charter signed at the Manila conference must be followed to the letter.

The Pacific Charter dedicates all the signatories to upholding the principles of self-determination, self-government, and independence. It pledges the colonial powers to give freedom to non-self-governing peoples. It should be translated into all languages and dialects of Asia.

2. We must *not* gear our propaganda exclusively to the idea of a communist menace. This is vital politically. To millions of hungry, illiterate Asians, talk of the menace of communism is meaningless. But the menace of old-fashioned Chinese imperialism is something they do understand. Fear of an expanding China has been ingrained in every Southeast Asian country for centuries.

3. We must fight the admission of Red China to the UN. But we must be realistic enough to get plans ready against the possibility that Red China may some day be admitted. Red China's admission

would be bitter tea. But to pull out of the UN if it happens would be to leave the organization to the communists. If Red China gets in, we must be prepared to set up Formosa as an independent, sovereign state, with its own seat in the United Nations.

In the economic field: 1. What is done here may tell the story for Southeast Asia. A hungry man listens to anybody who promises to fill his stomach. I know that the outstretched hand greets the American everywhere he turns, and that he is mighty tired by now of doling out billions. But since the fall of Southeast Asia would undermine American security, the U.S. treasury will have to keep on giving.

Southeast Asia's hideously depressed areas present a great challenge to the idea of a free economy. That challenge can be turned into an asset by making the region an economic show window, just as our independent Philippines has become a political show window. Bring in more technical experts, set up a development fund under the UN, build power projects—that's how to fight the fill-your-belly appeal of communism.

2. That's also how to deal with the increasing pressure for trade with communist China, a problem especially acute in Japan. Raising Southeast Asia's living standards would help create a new market for Japan.

In the military field: 1. We have

to face the fact that the policy of the massive rollback or destruction of Chinese communist power on the mainland is dead. Actually, the West recognized that at Geneva. We cannot invade communist China without a 3rd World War. Our job is not so much to roll them back as to make sure they don't roll us back any more.

It was a disappointment to many Asians, including myself, that the Southeast Asia treaty did not provide troops earmarked for duty against communist aggression. The Manila treaty was an expression of the determination of the signers to resist aggression. But no special military machinery was created. So I put forward a suggestion: Even without a treaty, the free nations can announce individually that specified units will always be kept ready. They would help any Southeast Asian country attacked by communism, from within or without.

2. At the same time, there must be a stepping up of the program to train native armies in Asia. They must be built up not only to fight overt communist aggression, but to protect their countries against attack from within.

The communists have perfected a new kind of war. It is not always in the headlines. It may be going on in the factories, in underground movements, in the political arena. They fight this war seven days a week, 52 weeks a year.



*Their fate tears the mask from
the hideous face of communism*

Two Who Died in Guatemala

By JIM BISHOP



THE VULTURES make ink blots in the pale sky here in Guatemala City. They do not know that the revolution is over, that the dead have been collected, and buried.

The city is white and lazy in the sun. It lies a mile in the sky, inside a big ring of volcanoes, and the only sounds from it are the brazen tongues of church bells and the whispering whine of many *bicicletas*. On the sidewalks, bare-foot Indian families look in shop windows at shoes priced at \$9. Blind beggars crouch before the churches, palms up and out, because this is Thursday, and the law says that a poor man can beg on Thursdays and Saturdays. In the open market, the women chatter like many birds in a small tree. At the *beisbol* stadium, the game is tied in the tenth inning, 16-16.

This is a cool and peaceful city.

It was not like this last June. Nor for many Junes before. Last June, this was the capital city of the only official communist state in all the Americas. It was a quiet city, a city of tight smiles and few

words. The boast of its president, *Señor* Jacobo Arbenz, was that Guatemala found that the Moscow brand of communism was too soft; he was taking his lessons from China.

In the lowland country, where the coffee is grown, and in the jungle highlands too, the Indians did not understand the word *communism* but they voted for it because they had been given a practical lesson in it. When they came to the pueblos after a week's work, they found out that they could not buy a drink. For no reason at all, policemen threw the Indians into jail. The way to get a drink and to stay out of jail was to have a Communist-party card. The Indians did not know what the card was, and couldn't read it, but they wanted it.

There are about 1,800,000 Indians in Guatemala, and perhaps 300,000 Spaniards. Between them are 900,000 Ladinos, which is to say part Indians, part Spaniards. This adds up to 3 million people, but Arbenz found that he needed only 2,500 party members to control the country. This is called the

Lesson of the Few, and it was learned from Russia, where, before the war, there were only 3 million Communist-party members out of 180 million people.

In the Guatemalan congress, for example, there are 56 legislators. The Reds needed only four to control the whole group. How? Easily. Before the communists endorsed a non-communist, he had to write a blank resignation. Then they beat the drums for him, and urged everyone to vote for him. After election, the four communists told the others how to vote. When one stepped out of line, they broadcast and published his resignation. Only five remained independent, and lived.

The Reds controlled the press and radio; the labor unions and farm hands; the government ministries; the palace, taxes, and foreign affairs. Still, even the Reds make mistakes, and the Guatemalan communists made a bad one. The word went around that the next step was to arrest His Excellency Archbishop Mariano Rossell Orellano. The first move against the Catholic Church was to be against the man at the top.

No one knows, even now, whether the word was true or not. But it went around, and it got to the big open market place on 9th Ave., where the women dispense vegetables and gossip. When the market closed that night, the valiant market women of Guatemala

City formed a cordon around the archbishop's palace. The "palace" is a one-story building diagonally across the plaza from Jacobo Arbenz' palace. The women formed an unbroken line. They maintained it for three days, although some say four.

The communists sent police and soldiers. The women stared at the rifles. The soldiers went away. The police came back. They set up a neat device. They had someone high in a building across the street fire a shot at them. This gave them an excuse for firing into the crowd. Some women fell.

But no one arrested the archbishop. The whole thing had been a bad tactical mistake. The soldiers went away. The women picked up their bleeding friends, and spat at the police. People who had been silently opposed to communism all along now began to speak. The loudest voices were from young men, Indians, Ladinos, Spaniards. They had heard that the exiled Lieut. Col. Carlos Castillo Armas was forming an army of freedom in Honduras, and some of them wished to join and fight.

I want to tell you about two of these boys. They were no more heroic than the others, and certainly no less. What distinguishes these two is that both came from well-to-do Spanish families. They did not have to fight. One is Alvaro Rodolfo Rivera Aparicio. The other is Carlos Villacorta Fajardo.

These boys were handsome, well-educated, religious, and had been trained for responsible citizenship.

Alvaro Rivera was 18. He studied engineering at the University of San Carlos. His father owned a coffee *finca* and a feed mill, and Alvaro had a younger brother and sister.

He played the piano, and his favorite games were ping-pong, football, and swimming. His home was on 4th Ave., S., and he was accustomed to servants in the house. He drew his faith in God from his lovely mother, and also his inclination never to drink nor to smoke. Alvaro was permitted to have formal dates with the belles of the city. If he had a favorite, he never mentioned her.

In the communist regime, he remained a quiet student until two things happened. One is that an Indian worker on his father's *finca* showed a Communist-party card, and said, half ashamed, "I must have this card. If I do not have this card, I go to the pueblo and the police arrest me and send me to prison. If I have this card, I can go anywhere, get drunk, and nothing bad happens to me." The other was when another of his father's workers warned *Señor* Rivera, "You will please to remain in the farmhouse tonight. They hire men from other *fincas* to kill you. We will deal with them, but you must stay inside."

Alvaro Rodolfo Rivera Aparicio

became an anti-communist fighter at that point. He and other young men from around Guatemala City organized an anti-communist committee.

They ground out their antigovernment propaganda. Some of them painted the number 32 on house walls around the city. This figure represents Article 32 of the Guatemalan Constitution, which forbids the formation of political parties of foreign origin. The Arbenz government knew what it meant.

In March last year, Alvaro bade a grave farewell to his father. He said that he and seven of his classmates were off to Honduras to join the Castillo Armas Army of Liberation. His father, a short man with deep sorrow in his eyes, said that he too would join. Alvaro said No, that this was a fight for young men.

One by one, the eight moved off into the jungle. One of the boys, Domingo Goicelea, confided the route to a local merchant. A week later, some boys moving through the jungle were ambushed.

These were the first to die.

The other boy, Carlos Villacorta Fajardo, was 21, had blue-black wavy hair, and deep patriotism. He was a student-officer at the Polytechnic institute, the West Point of Guatemala. His ambition was to fly. He was a devout churchgoer, and the son of an officer of the Banco de Guatemala. Although his

home was near by, in the Tivoli section, he lived at the institute, as all students do, and he excelled in horsemanship and soccer.

In March, he told his father that he proposed to leave the academy and fight with Castillo Armas. His father, a big, balding man, felt that a revolution was impending, and, like *Señor* Rivera, he felt that such matters could get along nicely without his son. Carlos insisted that a "man" could do no less than to fight for his country. "This is not a war in any case," he said to his papa. "This is a crusade."

Carlos was smart. He left the city when he was home on a month's furlough. In that way, he knew, he would not be missed for awhile. On April 26, 1954, he jumped into a jeep with another boy, and waved good-by. He drove south to San Salvador, then east to Honduras, where the ragged army was making up.

Alvaro and Carlos knew each other, but were not friends. They worked in the same anti-communist underground, and now and then met at the same social functions in the city. When their eyes and hands met casually, it is doubtful that either guessed that someday they would die together.

Five days later, Maj. Alberto Rosales, of the academy, stopped by to ask *Señor* Villacorta why his son had not returned to his duties. The father was confused. He said that he did not know where his

son was, that he would find him.

"He will have to be found," the major said, "or he will be declared a deserter."

Señor Villacorta was worried. Much that men know is unspoken. He knew that the major knew that a revolution was making up. All of literate Guatemala knew it.

The common gossip was that the Arbenz government was going to wait until Castillo Armas made his move, then they would recruit 10,000 young workmen from the labor unions; arm them with \$10 million worth of guns and ammunition from Czechoslovakia; kill those who fought for liberation; and then celebrate with the elimination of the leading opponents of the communist regime, including 180 priests.

Should the revolution succeed—which was hardly a possibility, because Castillo Armas had an army of only 200 men and could pick up only 200 volunteer boys before June—then the story was that the Reds would fill the street-watering trucks and the fire engines with gasoline, roll them up and down Guatemala City streets, and then light the fire. The communists, armed with tommy guns, would then wait for the burning citizens to run from the buildings, and dispatch them. This followed the Hitlerian philosophy that, if you feel yourself being pulled down, pull the country down with you.

On May 2, *Señor* Villacorta went

to see the director of the academy, Col. Ernesto Paiz Novales, and explained that he did not know where Carlos was. But Carlos had only one more year to go to attain his commission; Villacorta didn't want to have the boy classified as a deserter. Colonel Paiz was an understanding man. He nodded. And listened. And nodded.

"I will inform the government," he said, "that the boy is officially sick. This will give him an additional ten days of leave."

The two men smiled, and shook hands. No one knew then that later on this colonel would be President Castillo's undersecretary of war.

On May 7, a terse note arrived at the Villacorta home. "I am well, and soon I hope to be home, and I hope to find all of you well." *Señor* Villacorta showed the letter to his wife and their three small daughters, and then tore it up. "Home soon" could only mean that the revolution would soon begin.

Carlos was classed as a deserter. In early June, Castillo Armas broadcast from Honduras to his people, and he said, "We are going to fight the communists and I have the honor to be the chief of this army of liberation." He named the colonels on his staff, and he announced that Carlos Villacorta Fajardo was to be assistant to Col. Chajon Chua. Now everyone in Guatemala knew.

The communists were doomed, almost from the start. The iron-curtain ship arrived with the \$10 million worth of ammunition, but the laborers displayed a shyness about shouldering the guns and running into the jungles to die for the Soviet Union. The Guatemalan army, except for small units, seemed to want to remain neutral. The people, like the women in the market place, were ebullient and happy instead of being frightened. Then too, the army warned the Arbenz government that it could not permit the laborers to be armed in any case.

At that moment, before the two forces had joined battle, Arbenz must have known that he was through. So did Cruc Wer, the smiling chief of the communist police. And, most of all, Jaime Rosenberg, chief of the detective division, or secret police. *Señor* Rosenberg was called *Orejas* (Ears). He heard everything, and he must have heard, when Castillo Armas and his pious kids came marching across the Honduran border through Chiquimula, that the end of the communist world could be accurately determined by how long it took the Army of Liberation to march 150 miles over jungle trails to the capital city of Guatemala.

They knew. But Cruc Wer and Ears felt that they deserved a little recreation before the curtain came down. On June 9, they took an old man named Filemon Meza to the

ornate police headquarters and, after darkness, they stretched him on his side and took turns kicking him in the face and stomach. Some of the police turned away.

The men of Ears said, "You are trying to make us believe that you are crazy. You are not." *Señor Meza's* offense seemed to be that he was on the side of God, and opposed to communism. This, of course, was a capital offense. Old men aren't much sport. They do not last long.

The men of Ears tried Pedro Arriaga next. He used to be head of the city slaughterhouse. He was a little younger, a little stronger. During the torture, he screamed. When he stopped screaming, they filled a *pila* with water. A *pila* is a huge stone tub where clothes are washed. They tied Arriaga's hands and feet and threw him into it. The trick was to watch him struggle for air, and then to get him out just before he drowned. This man was strong. He kept on living. He lost his mind, and when he began grinning foolishly they finished him by having the young cops form a circle and kick him to death.

On another night, they had sport with Virgilio Del Aqua, an Italian *finca* worker. When they asked him questions, he tried honestly to answer. But he did not know the correct answers, and he was of little assistance to the communists. In the dawn, they took him and

another prisoner out in a truck. In a little while, the men of Ears came back real surprised. "What do you know?" they said in effect. "Those two prisoners got into a gunfight and killed each other."

This went on every night. Later, the guards said that in one session Ears shot 17 boys in the belly. A shot in head or heart puts the lights out too quickly. Ears wanted each kid to have a little time to think.

Alvaro's father worried about this. He worried about his son, in the Army of Liberation, and he worried about his wife and small children. When he could stand it no longer, he sent Mrs. Rivera and the babies to El Salvador. He dismissed all his servants. Then *Señor Rivera* sat and waited. He knew that they would come for him, for he was a known enemy of the state, a big capitalist. The question was when.

After two days, he decided that it is ridiculous for a man to sit and wait to be killed; if one must die, why not on the battlefield? So, although he has a big splash of white in his hair, this sad-eyed man hired an Indian boy as a guide, and rode 18 hours on horseback through the jungle to join the army. When the boy delivered *Señor Rivera* at Chiquimula, the man offered \$20. The boy refused.

Naturally, Rivera wanted to serve in his son's outfit. He bought himself a machine gun and a re-

volver. Then he asked where Colonel Chua's regiment would be. The people said, "Gualan." *Señor* Rivera got on the trail, and wondered what kind of an army starts off in the opposite direction from the capital city. He did not know that Castillo Armas had sent Colonel Chua and 24 boys northeast to Gualan to cut the railroad. Once the railroad was cut, the communists would have to detach parts of their army to win it back. While this was going on, the Army of Liberation would move northwest toward Guatemala City.

Colonel Chua's little band cut the railroad. Alvaro and Carlos strutted around like little gamecocks. War was easy. That night, the government sent flatcars down the track to Gualan. These cars were loaded with 600 men and artillery. This little battle lasted 16 hours. The government won it. When a friend was killed, Alvaro

Rivera yelled to the others to run, that he could cover their retreat with mortar fire. Some ran. Some stayed.

A moment later, Alvaro was hit. There was no sound. It was as though someone jammed a lighted cigarette against his bare shoulder. As he fell, Carlos Villacorta and Colonel Chua picked him up under the arms and half dragged, half carried him back to the main part of Gualan. The citizens (15,000 of them) fled to the hills. This made it easy for the communist army to find two men carrying a third between them.

All three were placed in the jail at Zacapa. Alvaro bled. After awhile, he began to lose consciousness. Carlos yelled to the jailers to get a doctor. The keepers spat. Colonel Chua reminded the communists that prisoners are entitled to medical attention. This drew the only laugh of the day.



The common graves were opened to identify the victims.

In the evening, as *Señor* Rivera arrived in Gualan on horseback, the three prisoners were placed on a freight train and shipped back to Guatemala City as gifts for Ears. The father who worried about his son was told by natives that there had been a battle, but that it was over now. They knew nothing else.

The next day, the colonel and his boys were in a cell on the top floor of police headquarters. The Rivera kid was half conscious. He rambled in his speech and his cheeks were bright with fever. He got no medical attention, no water. The men of Ears told the other two that Rivera was lucky. He would not be able to partake of the intelligent questioning that was coming.

The colonel and Carlos Villacorta now understood, for the first time, that they were going to die, and that it was not going to be easy. Now and then, when Alvaro became conscious and rational, they looked worried. In the hours ahead, they knew that it would be better to be babbling idiots. Between them, they agreed that they would answer no questions other than name and rank.

Perhaps the waiting was the worst. The clock was made of lead. The morning sun dragged its feet across the sky. Carlos called for water, and one of Ears' men laughed and said that he would get plenty of water, in due time. Alvaro, on the floor, propped himself on an elbow, and asked their

jailers where they were being held.

"The city," said Chua. "Everything will be good. Get some rest."

In the late evening, guards pinned a big map of Guatemala on a wall. In a little while, lights went on, and the men of Ears came in and unlocked the cell. A few minutes later, Ears came in, and some say that Chief Cruc Wer was with him, although others say that he was not. There was no ceremony. The three men were called traitors to their country, deserving of the fate of dogs. They took Alvaro out, and one held him by the shoulders in front of the map.

"You will point out," said Ears, "where the traitors are and how many units."

The prisoner smiled, and his eyes were heavy-lidded with sleep. He did not answer. At a nod, he was smashed to the floor. He continued to grin until someone kicked him on the patch of dried blood. Then he yelled and cried. They picked him up and carried him to the *pila*, and dropped him in with a splash. He did not struggle.

"This one," said Ears, "is of no use to us."

Alvaro Rodolfo Rivera Aparicio, 18, was lifted out, propped beside the stone *pila*, and made no protest as an automatic was held to his stomach, and the trigger pulled. The explosion caused 400 other prisoners to set up a bedlam of wailing and screaming. Water and blood ran off Alvaro's clothes.

His father had heard that the boy was in Guatemala City, and was hurrying home to meet him.

Ears expected much of Colonel Chua, because a colonelcy is the highest rank in the Guatemala army, and if anyone knew what Castillo Armas was going to do, this would be the man. They tried to talk "sense" to him, and to this he shrugged. They argued, entreated, and threatened. They took him to the map, and he said that he could not read it.

They dropped him to the floor, and they kicked him until it began to look as though they might lose him. The colonel was bound hand and foot, and dropped into the *pila*. When he recovered, he was carried into the cell, and leather thongs were tied to his thumbs and run through steel rings in the ceiling. As he was lifted off the floor, he began to scream and beg for mercy.

They left him there, and took Carlos out. He was told, as gently as possible, that the only hope for him to avoid dying was to talk. He was an officer on the Chua staff, and he must know where Castillo Armas was, and where he planned to go, and how many mortars he had. If he would tell these things, it would not influence the course of the revolution because Castillo Armas was beaten right now; he had only a handful of boys and small arms, and the whole Army of Guatemala was waiting for him. Therefore, the men of Ears reasoned, any-

one who can end the bloodshed today is a true patriot, because many lives will be saved.

"Will you answer our questions?"

Villacorta shook his head No. He was asked to think. He said that he had thought. The policemen formed a circle around him, and they used less mercy with this boy than with Chua, because this one was not in an exalted position and had no right to be brave. He was bleeding from nose and ears and mouth when they dumped him in the *pila*, and when they took him out his stomach began to swell. He was conscious, but his color, under the naked bulbs, was gray. He was no longer handsome.

They pulled him up on the leather thongs by his thumbs and, in a frenzy of deep pain, he struggled. This increased the agony. The men of Ears looked from the kid back to Chua and back to the kid again. Whenever they detected signs of lassitude, they lifted the victim, untied the thongs, and carried him back to the wall map. When this produced nothing, they reverted to the kicking and the *pila*. After awhile, neither could have answered a question if he had chosen. Each was more than 50% dead, and restoratives had no effect. Ears, so they say, was disgusted. He stooped, and shot each one through the stomach. They sat, propped up, and breathing in the blue gun smoke. This was June 24.

The three bodies were taken out

through the side entrance of the police station and into the country. There they were stripped of clothes while graves were dug in the hills beside the road. It was still dark when the policemen came back.

In the morning, *Señor* Rivera was back in Guatemala City, and he inquired everywhere about his son. He had heard that Alvaro was wounded, but he had no idea where the government had taken him. There was no news.

He sent relatives to all official departments of the government to ask about his son but, officially, no one had ever heard of Alvaro. The father tried to ask questions, and, to his disgust, kept bursting into tears. Five months later, when he spoke to me, the tears came again, but now he had learned to continue to talk through them.

Three days after the boys died, the revolution was over. Arbenz and Cruc Wer and Ears and 160 others fled to a neutral embassy with all the money they could carry. In the police prison that night, the word seeped through the cells, and the men were afraid to believe it. Then they noticed that the police guards looked frightened, and they knew that Castillo Armas had won, and that communism was dead in Guatemala. One of the prisoners, Oscar Muller Saravia, let out a wild yell from behind his personal bars and said that if the other prisoners would join him, he would drop to his knees and begin a recitation of

the Rosary. The men yelled back as Muller began to scream the Rosary (many of the prisoners were some distance from him). He had barely said "I believe in God, the Father almighty," when the police guards, frightened, removed their uniform caps. The deep baritone responses of 400 men filled the very same hollows and walls and ceilings where two boys, only 72 hours ago, had begged for mercy.

The revolution was truly over. The land was at peace. The church bells tolled in a clash of iron and bronze that hurt the ears. Only *Señor* Rivera and *Señor* Villacorta felt no elation. Rivera was down in Gualan again. Someone told him that his son had been buried there. He watched the diggers, and as each nude body came to the surface he studied the swollen face and shook his head No. Alvaro deserved a Catholic burial, and he would not rest until he found him.

Señor Villacorta, eyes swimming with tears, asked every soldier, every officer, where Carlos could be found. No one knew. He, too, went from burial ground to burial ground. He, too, shook his head No. Someone told *Señor* Rivera that eight bodies had been found near Antigua, at a place called Santa Maria Cauque. He studied the bodies, and they were fat and faceless. Then he saw a glint of metal on one, and he stopped and studied it. This was a special scapular medal of the Sacred Heart

and the blessed Mother. It had been brought home from Rome by Alvaro's Aunt Concha. There could be no mistake. This was Alvaro. He was taken home, and buried in the family mausoleum in Guatemala City. His mother, whose grief was

for news of Carlos. The torturer told him to try a hill near Antigua. The father looked at the bodies, and then went back and fetched the dentist who had worked on Carlos's teeth. The boy's teeth were almost perfect. He had one crown

What Do You Want Me to Do About It?

A PRINTER said that. He had finished reading the proof of the article by President Castillo Armas on page 3 and this one about two who died. The printer is a big rough guy. He said he didn't want to be fresh, but what could anybody expect him to do about communism in Latin America? After all, he's way up here and they're way down there.

I asked him if he ever heard of LO MEJOR. He said No. I said it was a Spanish edition of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, and that it could keep millions of Latin Americans informed about communism and it could tell them about the goodness of Christian democracy, too, if anybody cared to give it a hand. "What kind of a hand?" he said, and I told him that for three years the priests who publish THE CATHOLIC DIGEST had been publishing LO MEJOR at a tremendous loss in an effort to counteract communist propaganda. It needed a shove, and no one, even the printer, was big enough to shove it alone.

"How much would it cost me," he said, "to give a gentle shove?" "Three bucks," I said, "or five bucks." "You got the five," he said.

LO MEJOR has been doing fairly well, but it ought to double and triple its circulation to do a real job.

If you want to battle anti-communist propaganda, send what you can to the Catholic Digest Foundation, 41 E. 8th St., St. Paul 2, Minnesota. Your contribution will be used to promote LO MEJOR. Father Gales and Father Bussard, the publishers, will never forget you for it. But then, neither will some far-off Latin-American family you may never get to meet.

Jim Bishop.

far too deep and protracted, is still under care of a doctor and a priest.

At almost the same time that Señor Rivera was looking at the medal, Señor Villacorta was also studying the bodies. He had met one of the police torturers, now in prison, and he had begged the man

on the upper right side. His father found him.

Carlos and Alvaro are home.

The vultures make ink blots in the pale blue sky. They do not know that the revolution is over, that the dead have been collected, and buried.

Laugh and Stay Healthy

He who laughs, lasts

By JOHN E. GIBSON

IF YOU'RE LIKE most of us, you don't think much about laughter; you just enjoy it. But science has been studying the effects of laughter, and has made some startling discoveries.

When it comes to promoting mental and physical health, and actually prolonging human life, laughter ranks as the supreme wonder drug.

The investigators have proved, among other things, that laughter has an almost instantaneous effect on practically every important organ in the human body, as well as the glands and the entire nervous system. They found that people who laugh often, not necessarily loudest, last longest and enjoy the best mental and physical health. To find out what's in a laugh, let's take a look at the findings.

Have the findings of these studies been fully accepted by medical authorities?

The Educational committee of the Illinois State Medical society



Condensed from
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says that laboratory tests have proved that laughter reduces muscle tensions and relaxes the tissues, as well as vigorously exercising the most vital organs of the body.

"Laughter," says a spokesman for the committee, in summing up evidence, "is a healer of the body and of the mind. With the churning movement produced by laughing, the glands of the neck and throat are exercised; lung spaces are ventilated; and the suprarenal glands, situated above the kidneys, are stimulated to extra activity by supplying more blood to them, thus causing more adrenal fluid to find its way into the blood stream.

"The adrenal fluid has great value, since it tones the muscular coat of the blood vessels and the heart."

The committee's conclusion: if people would laugh more, they could actually laugh off many of their minor mental and physical ills.

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In addition to the fact that laughter is frequently the best medicine, it has these notable advantages: 1. it's by far more pleasant to take than most medicine, 2. you don't have to worry about getting an overdose, 3. it doesn't cost anything, and 4. you don't have to see a specialist to get a prescription.

How does laughter benefit the heart?

The late Dr. James J. Walsh, former medical director of Fordham university's School of Sociology, found that "while laughter produces the most direct and immediate effect on the lungs, it has an almost equally direct effect on the heart."

Dr. Walsh has pointed out exactly how this happens. "As the diaphragm is raised and lowered vigorously in laughter, it rubs against the right portion of the heart, and lifts the whole organ up and lets it down more or less rhythmically. This acts as a distinct stimulant to the heart, increasing both heart rate and force of heartbeat." This has a decidedly beneficial effect. Indeed, if more people cultivated the habit of laughter, fewer would have to seek a heart specialist.

What other organs of the body are directly benefited by laughter?

Dr. Walsh's studies showed that organs directly benefited include, in addition to heart and lungs, the stomach, liver, pancreas, spleen, and

entire intestinal tract. Laughter causes these organs to function better by 1. stepping up the circulation of blood to them, and 2. by the vibratory massage it produces.

Dr. Walsh states in summing up his findings: "Few people realize that health actually varies according to amount of laughter. So does recovery from disease. There is no question of the fact that people who laugh live longer than those who do not." His conclusions are borne out by the researches of other leading authorities.

How does laughter affect your digestion?

Perhaps the most interesting study ever made regarding this matter was reported some time ago by the noted medical researcher, Dr. Edward Podolsky. Investigators selected two groups of college students for the experiment. Each was fed exactly the same diet over a two-week period. Group A, however, was occupied at meals with a scientific discussion, while group B was entertained at mealtime by a comedian.

After two weeks of this regime, both groups were given physical examinations. The general health of group B was found to be appreciably better than that of group A, and the digestions of all B-group members very noticeably improved.

Any full-bodied laugh, says Dr. Podolsky, not only acts as a tonic on brain and nervous system, but

it also steps up the flow of gastric juice, assuring more complete digestion.

Does laughter have an effect on blood pressure?

Studies conducted by Dr. Walsh have shown that where blood pressure is concerned, laughter has an incredibly paradoxical effect. He found that when blood pressure is abnormally *low*, laughter tends to increase it. But with subjects suffering from *high* blood pressure, laughter was found to have exactly the opposite effect. Dr. Walsh cited many cases of persons with blood pressure below 120 who had a rise of some 10 points as a result of a good hearty laugh. Yet, in persons with high blood pressure (up to 180 or even higher) there was a definite tendency after laughter toward a reduction of 10 points or more.

How can this be?

Dr. Walsh's studies indicate that the rise from low blood pressure is probably due to the stimulation of circulation through the heart by laughter, while the reduction of high blood pressure is due to relaxation of tension, which so often accompanies high blood pressure.

This does not mean, of course, that a blood-pressure condition is something you can just "laugh off," either literally or figuratively. It does suggest that laughter may be very helpful.

Does laughter relieve mental and physical tensions in all individuals?

No. Tests show, though, that it does relax tensions in more than nine persons out of ten. But it is a curious fact that with a small percentage of people, laughter has the opposite effect. It actually causes them to become more tense. In Northwestern-university Medical-school tests, it was found that laughter definitely relieved tension in 96% of the subjects, but increased it in the remaining 4%.

Just why laughter should cause four persons out of 100 to tighten up is a puzzler that science cannot completely explain. One possible explanation is that sourpusses, even when their risibilities are tickled, tend to resist laughing or smiling, and do so "in spite of themselves." The conflict would increase inner tensions.

Since laughter relieves tension in most people, does frowning have the opposite effect?

Tests conducted at a leading university show that it very definitely does, at least for the vast majority. Make this experiment; the result is likely to astonish you. Pick a time when you're feeling happy, carefree, and relaxed. Then frown, and hold the expression. In a matter of seconds, your pleasant, relaxed feeling will have completely disappeared. You can feel the rapidly increasing tension spreading over the muscles of your head,

neck, and shoulders. With each passing second, you will find yourself feeling more tense, jumpy, and irritable. Hold that frown for a minute or two, and you'll feel the beginnings of a nervous headache. Keep it up longer, and, if you're like the average person, you'll find that your capacity to enjoy life has temporarily disappeared completely.

So whenever you catch yourself frowning, snap out of it. As this test eloquently demonstrates, the nerve-sapping tensions it produces can put two strikes on you, mentally and physically.

Does even forced laughter have a beneficial effect?

Yes. Even a forced smile held for a few moments will make you feel better all over. Just try it. Cause the corners of your mouth to curve up a bit, and hold this expression for a few seconds. You'll find that inside of a quarter of a minute, you'll begin to feel an increased sense of well-being.

Further to demonstrate how your spirits are raised or lowered by the angles of the corners of your mouth, just curve those angles downward, and keep them that way for half a minute or so. You will notice that your sense of well-being has completely vanished, and that you begin to feel literally and figuratively "down at the mouth."

Scientists are at a loss wholly to explain this phenomenon. Most

authorities believe it is due, however, to what psychologists term "a conditioned reflex." But the important thing to remember is that "just as the faucets of a bathtub produce either hot or cold water, the position of the outer angles of the mouth automatically produces either gladness or melancholy."

How does laughter affect your personality?

The psychiatrist Dr. David Harold Fink has just completed a study of the relation of laughter to mental health. Says Dr. Fink, "Where mental and nervous disorders are concerned, laughter ranks as the most inexpensive and the most effective wonder drug."

He finds that laughter can actually be used as a yardstick to determine seriousness of a mental disorder. "Indeed," he says, "I have found that the easier it is to make a patient laugh, the easier it is to cure him. My most stubborn and hard-to-cure cases are persons who have never learned to laugh, and who rarely see the funny side of anything."

Dr. Fink's investigations also show that people who laugh easily are much less likely ever to suffer a mental breakdown than those who do not. Evidence all up and down the line, says Dr. Fink, makes it clear that one of the best ways to insure against physical or nervous breakdown is to cultivate the habit of hearty laughter.

the cover painting

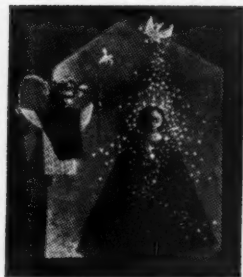
The Mexican artist, Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo, depicts Our Lady this month in the ceremony of her great feast day of February, The Presentation. He thus continues the series of the great days in her life—the Annunciation, Nativity, Epiphany and Presentation.

This picture has been reproduced in four colors from the original at the Catholic Digest offices. It is the fourth of a series in full size, 15½" by 21", suitable for framing. Order any one of these or all on the convenient blank below.



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● There has been nothing in this generation so original as the paintings of this Mexican. Not since Berta Hummel have the joy and hope of Catholics been stressed as they should be. This is art as authentic as Botticelli and Fra Angelico, with the same emphasis on earth and heaven when joy and hope bind them together.

The Stars at Noon

REVIEW BY JIM BISHOP
Editor, Catholic Digest Book Club

IT ISN'T DIFFICULT to dislike Jacqueline Cochran. She's aggressive. She knows what she wants out of life and it amounts to only everything. Besides, she has a flair for making men look small and ridiculous.

On the other hand, it is even less difficult to admire Miss Cochran. She's pretty; femininely pretty. She holds almost all the worth-while speed records in aviation—men's as well as women's. She owns one of the biggest cosmetics companies in the world. She is married to the fabulous Floyd Odium, president of Atlas Corp. She isn't ashamed to bless herself and ask for hurry-up help when something goes wrong with her jet plane.

She is quite a woman. Last year, when the word went around that she was writing her autobiography (no ghosts for Jackie), several publishers murmured: "That could be a terrific book—if she told the truth. But, of course, she won't."

She did. Her book, *The Stars at Noon*, is as blunt as the word *No*. And just as honest. It isn't clever writing. Miss Cochran is not a word weaver. When she has something to say, she says it right out, without equivocation.

She was born in the scrub-pine belt of Florida. She was skinny and nervous. At the age of ten, she helped to deliver babies before she knew that the stork was a bird. She had no mother and no father; a couple raised her in a Tobacco Road shack. Her dresses were made of flour sacks. Her bed was the floor. She did not have a doll nor a dime. She ate mullet and beans and, at ten, had never heard of butter or sugar.

It is incredible that this youngster *could* grow up to be Jacqueline Cochran. I read through the early section of the book twice to see again the metamorphosis from back-alley kid to peacock-alley millionaire. It reads like a fiction romance.

When she grew up attractively, and worked in a textile mill, studied to be a nurse, and later to be a beautician, she discovered the world of men. They were always standing in her way. They tried to rob her, of money or morality, and she determined to beat them in a man's world.

She has done it. When she took lessons in flying, the men at Roosevelt field laughed at her. She was "only a girl." That was in the early

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30's. In the next 22 years, she broke more men's records in aviation than any man alive. In business, men tried to beat her, and they were beaten.

In fact, only two men seem to rate a nod of admiration from Miss Cochran. One is Floyd Odium, the quiet, studious arthritic who understood her compulsion to do everything better than men, and the other is a priest lost in anonymity, who first taught her the meaning of her religion.

She admires a few other men, notably pilots. But Miss Cochran is undiplomatic when she relates her feelings of amusement and scorn toward the rest of the male world. For example, when she organized the WASP (Women's Air Service Pilots) in the war, she had

three girls model three types of uniform. She brought them before five-star Gen. George Catlett Marshall, and he decided that the uniform he liked best was the one Miss Cochran was wearing. Twice she had to explain to the poor man that she was wearing a two-piece suit, not a uniform.

And yet, when she was a nurse in a hospital, Jackie learned to cut hair and shave the faces of the men in the charity wards, because they couldn't afford these luxuries.

She has flown faster than the speed of sound and she doesn't fear death. "Dying is easy," she says. "It is living that becomes difficult at times."

The Stars at Noon is the February, 1955, selection of the Catholic Digest Book Club.

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